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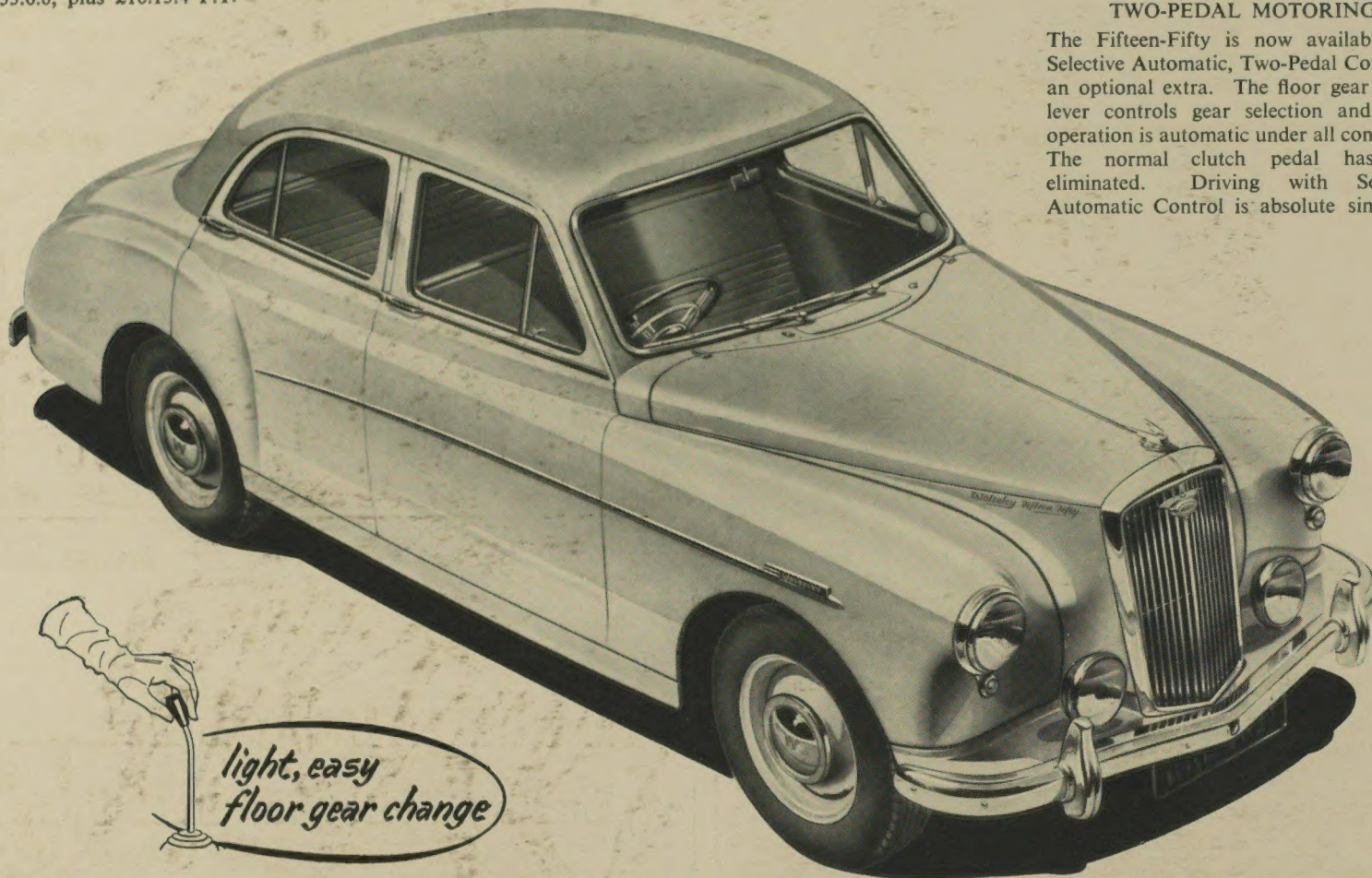
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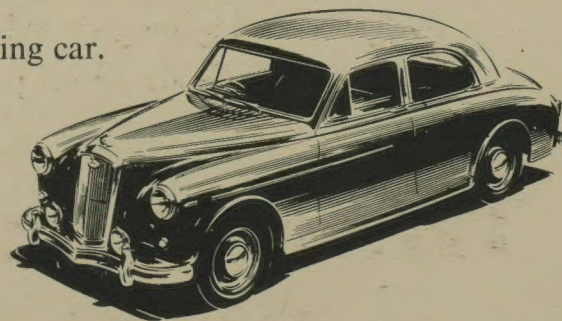
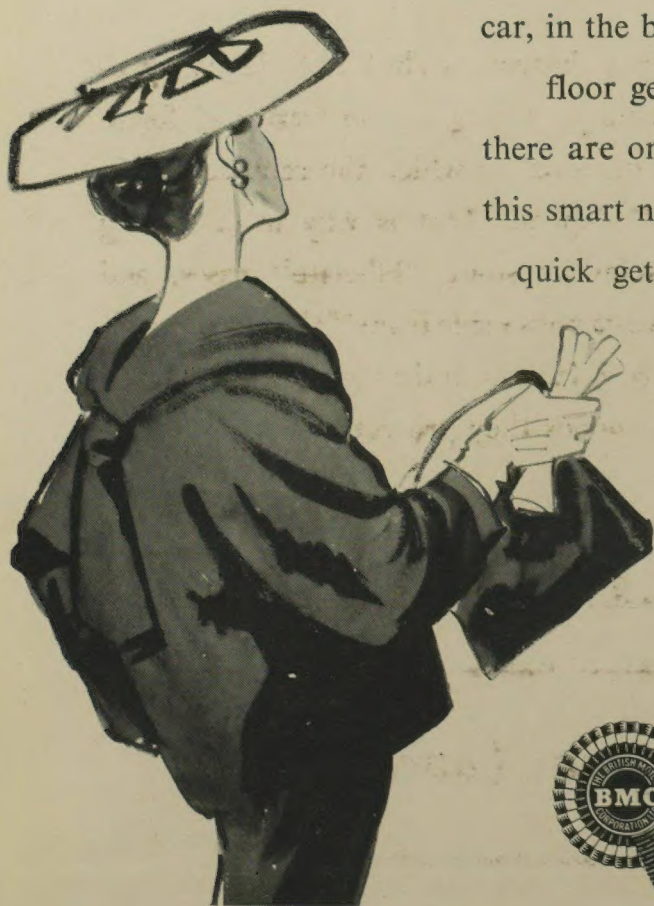
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1956.



AN EXCESSIVELY FRIENDLY WELCOME: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER GREETING MR. NEHRU ON HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.

Mr. Nehru arrived at Washington Airport on the morning of December 16. President Eisenhower had sent his personal aircraft, the *Columbine III*, to London to carry Mr. Nehru on the last stage of his journey. At the airport he received a nineteen-gun salute and was greeted by Mr. Nixon. In a speech of welcome, Mr. Nixon said: "You represent the largest democracy in the world, and the United States is the second largest democracy in the world. While we do not always agree on policy we share a common devotion to developing the kind of world in which individuals can be free, nations

independent, and in which peoples can live together in peace." The President and Mr. Nehru, who had both disapproved of British intervention in the Middle East, thus straining relations within the North Atlantic Alliance and the Commonwealth, went the following day to Gettysburg to hold talks in private. The subjects they were expected to discuss were the Middle East crisis, Soviet policy in Eastern Europe, disarmament and the situation in the Far East. Before his visit Mr. Nehru had held talks with Mr. Chou En Lai, and on his return trip he was to meet Sir Anthony Eden.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE English come in for a good deal of criticism in the world to-day. They are criticised by the Scots, by the Irish—and how!—by the Welsh, and by their own more intellectual members who find it exceedingly difficult to forgive their kinsfolk for their bovine neglect of and indifference to intellectual attainments and, what hurts still more, to the possession of such intellectual attainments. They are criticised by the people they have defeated in past wars—by the Germans and the French and the Boers and the Russians—and they are criticised by the peoples, and even more fiercely, they have defended or liberated in war, like the Arabs and the Greeks and the Israelites and the Egyptians and Sudanese, or by those whom they have sheltered by their sacrifices in battle, like the Americans before 1916 and 1941. Almost the only peoples on earth who seem consistently to like the English are the Norwegians and the Gurkhas—peoples, it may be added, as steady and reliable on the field of battle and in the day of disaster as the British themselves.

I feel I can speak objectively about the English, because, though I am technically one of them and admire them, I am anything but a characteristic Englishman and, though I partly share their instinctive distrust of intellectuals—not because they are intelligent, but because they are so often brittle—I am myself an intellectual and one in whom the Celtic strains in our national make-up almost certainly predominate, and on both sides of my family, over the Anglo-Saxon. I see, too, clearly enough, the faults of the English race, never more apparent than when they lack, as at present, the guiding rule of leaders, whether Anglo-Saxon, Celtic or Scandinavian, trained in the Latin aristocratic tradition of order and creative discipline. It was lack of discipline and logical leadership that led to the greatest disaster in "English" history—the Norman Conquest—a disaster most salutary to England and the English in the long run, but one from which it took them two centuries or more to recover. Indeed, I have tried to tell elsewhere how they did and what it all meant to them. And unless they and their sister-peoples of Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland can find some way of substituting a new leadership of discipline and self-discipline for the older one which, since the Representation of the Peoples' Act 1918, they have increasingly discarded, they may well suffer again, and in the not-distant future, a comparable disaster and enforced education. This world is governed by inescapable laws, moral and physical, whose incidence no man or nation that disregards them can escape, and, though no one is braver in facing them and more philosophical in accepting their consequences than the English, Anglo-Saxon good intentions are not in themselves sufficient to overcome the effects of Anglo-Saxon inertia, muddled thinking or lack of thinking, and laziness.

As it will be in the future,
it was at the birth of Man—
There are only four things certain
since Social Progress began—
That the Dog returns to his Vomit and
the Sow returns to her Mire—
And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger
goes wabbling back to the Fire;

And that after this is accomplished,
and the brave new world begins,
When all men are paid for existing,
and no man must pay for his sins,
As surely as Water will wet us, as
surely as Fire will burn,
The Gods of the Copybook Headings
with terror and slaughter return!*

There are other English failings that contribute to their unpopularity. They love being in the right and are more than usually anxious to communicate their rightness to others, though in this their Scottish brethren may be held by some to surpass even them. And though they are extraordinarily good at dealing amicably with their fellow human beings—black and white, yellow and brown and every shade in between—in the flesh,

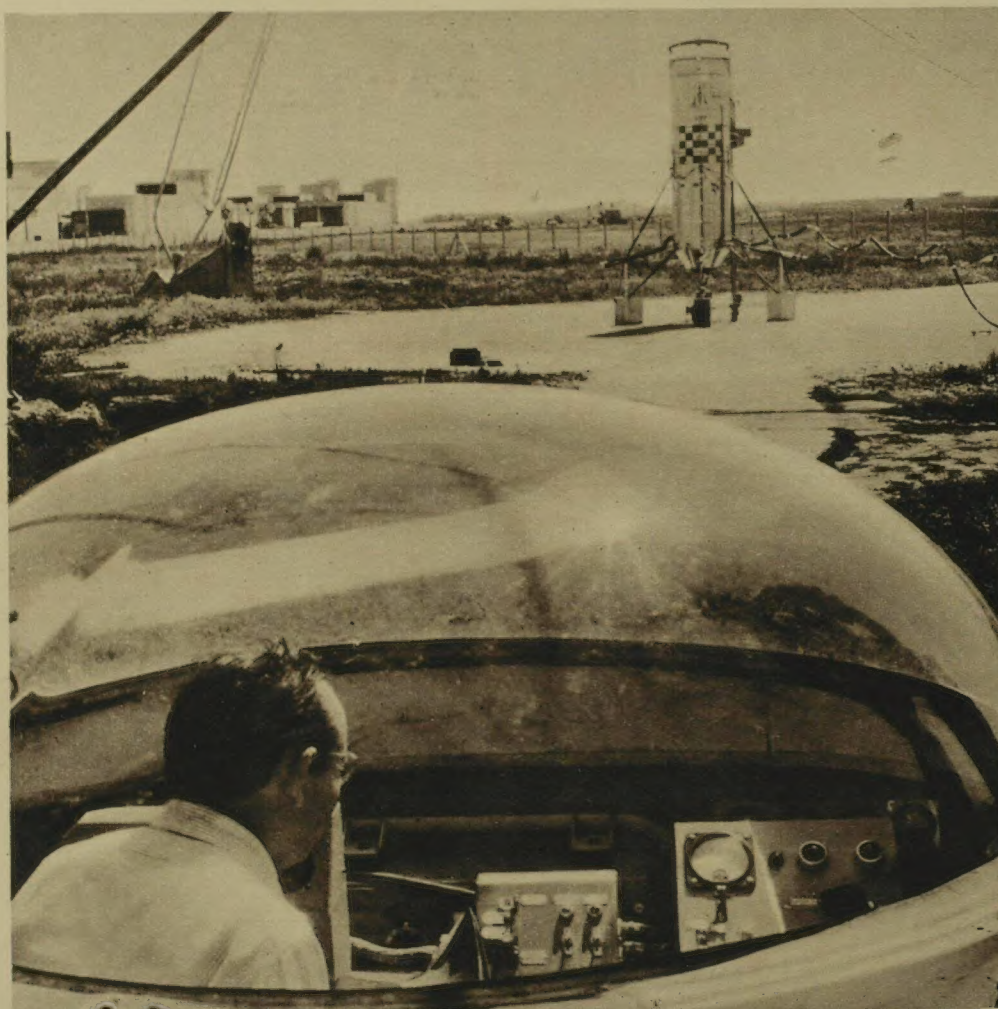
they have a tiresome way of dealing with them on paper which is at the root of half the troubles they are facing in the world to-day. Their self-righteousness then becomes quite intolerable and their insistence on precedent and disregard of logic and even of their own pet god, common sense, constitutes an irritant which can be calculated to drive any more sensitive and less patient people to bombs and mob-riots. It is a curious fact that the English, who in the past forty years have produced a man who in personal dealings with them could do almost anything he liked with the Arabs, and another who in personal dealings with them could do almost anything he liked with the Israelites, should as a Government have made themselves much disliked by both. The easy touch, the tolerance, the good humour, the fundamental humanity and decency of the ordinary Englishman which are so conspicuous when he is personally governing a frontier province or policing a hysterical mob-ridden city, seem to desert him when he sits on an office bench and gets a pen in his hand. He becomes strained, didactic, humourless and, often, astonishingly tactless. He "begs to inform" and "has the honour to state," and, with stern and unbending conscientiousness, crosses every wounding "t" and dots every

offending "i." Here too, however, it may be that the Scottish administrator surpasses him, though seldom without a saving twinkle in the eye, for the Scots, however grim their jesting, never wholly dispense with their sense of humour, whereas the English, once enthroned on Ministry chairs, become as portentous as caged owls. Perhaps it is because, in such an unnatural situation, they feel caged; it never ceases to amaze me how playful English administrators can become when once they get outside their offices.

But where the English excel is in their personal dealings with physical facts. They may not in this be as quick and resourceful as the Americans or as their own Canadian, Australian and New Zealand kinsfolk, but their sureness and—strange in so apparently unsubtle a people—subtlety of touch is remarkable. They make, by and large, the finest policemen in the world, the finest sailors, the finest (when they are trained for it and take the trouble) craftsmen, the finest pilots and, given time to get over their initial military unpreparedness and muddle, the finest soldiers. I do not mean by this that they cannot be surpassed in these practical, down-to-earth, air or water callings by picked men of other races, but that the average mean of skill, understanding, good sense and proficiency is in these on the whole higher in the English than in any other people. To get the

best out of an Englishman you must set him to wrestle with hard and unpalatable facts—facts that will discipline him, challenge his energies and evoke his natural powers. There may be finer human beings than the ordinary Englishmen in uniform whom I have encountered in two world wars, but I have yet to meet any, and, knowing something of the limitations of human nature, I cannot believe that I am very likely to. Or to take an example from civil life and peacetime, where could one find a finer body of men anywhere in the world than in the crews of our Lifeboats or of our Fire Service? Anyone seeking an example of superlative efficiency, promptitude and courtesy, has only to set a London chimney on fire and dial the London Fire Brigade and he will soon discover it. The despatch and efficiency of that Service has to be experienced to be believed. These things never get into newspaper headlines, are never canvassed in the United Nations Assembly or praised by the cultural and intellectual pundits of U.N.E.S.C.O., but in a world where brave, honest and gentle men are perhaps the greatest need of all, the decency and dependability of the ordinary English man of action is something to be grateful for. Mankind can ill do without him and, though his leaders are not always worthy of him, it will be an ill day for the world when, if ever, he withdraws for good into the island mists from which he emerged four centuries ago.

A FRENCH VERSION OF THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD."

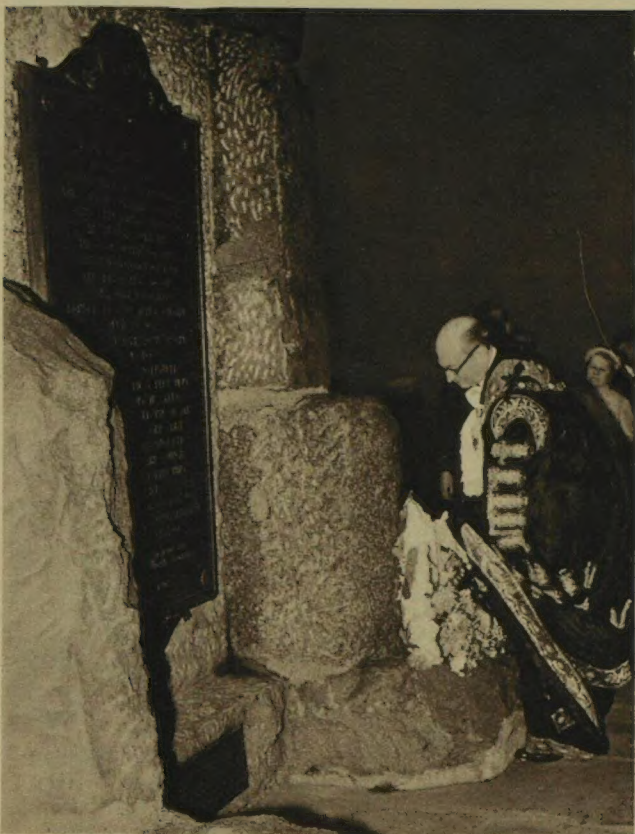


DURING ITS FIRST PUBLIC TRIALS: THE ATAR VOLANT P.1, FRANCE'S VERSION OF THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD," STANDING READY FOR ITS VERTICAL TAKE-OFF.

A wingless, radio-controlled jet aircraft, France's version of the "Flying Bedstead," known as the *Atar Volant P.1*, recently underwent its first public trials in France. This strange-looking aircraft is pilotless and is regulated from the bubble control point (seen in the foreground) which is mounted on the top of a lorry. Details of the *Atar Volant P.1*'s performance are still secret.

* "A Choice of Kipling's Verse" (ed. by T. S. Eliot), p. 295. (Faber and Faber.)

TOPICAL AND SEASONABLE EVENTS: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS FROM COUNTRIES NEAR AND FAR.



COMMEMORATING THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA: THE LORD MAYOR LAYING A WREATH AT THE BLACKWALL MEMORIAL.



AN ADDITION TO THE CHRISTMAS CRIB SCENE, WHICH WAS LAST YEAR AT ST. PAUL'S, BUT IS THIS YEAR AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS: TWO REFUGEE CHILDREN, BY THE HUNGARIAN SCULPTOR H. RIPSZAN.



THE ONE-DAY-OLD FOAL BORN AT ROTTERDAM ZOO ON DECEMBER 12 WITH ITS MOTHER, A PRJEWALSKI'S HORSE—THE ONLY TRULY WILD HORSE SPECIES NOW LIVING. THE SPECIES WAS DISCOVERED BY PRJEWALSKI IN TIBET ABOUT 1870.

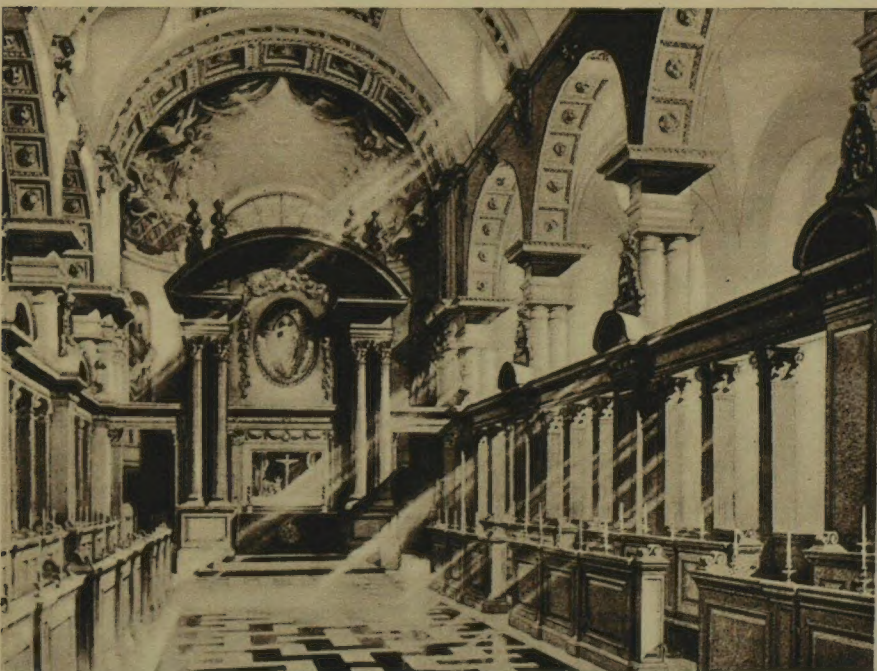


AFTER A FIRE WHICH DID DAMAGE TO THE VALUE OF £250,000: BLACKPOOL'S FAMOUS TOWER BALLROOM, WITH THE STILL-SMOULDERING FLOOR.

A fire at Blackpool Tower, which was discovered at 6.40 a.m. and was brought under control by 1 p.m. on December 14, destroyed the famous ballroom and damaged other parts of the building. The tower itself, the circus, menagerie, aviary and aquarium were undamaged.



FLOWERS FOR CHRISTMAS: FLOWER-GATHERERS AT WORK IN A SCILLY ISLANDS FLOWER-FARM PICKING *SOLEIL D'OR* NARCISSI FOR THE LONDON MARKET. THE FLOWERS ARE UNUSUALLY EARLY THIS YEAR.



THE SPLENDID EAST END OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, AS IT WILL BE WHEN REOPENED IN 1957—FROM A PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. Of especial interest in this drawing, by Mr. John Stammers, are the oak reredos which is a memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers and in particular to Governor Edward Winslow (whose parents were married in the church); and the mural above, by Mr. Glyn Jones, which follows the description of the original fresco designed by Sir Christopher Wren.



SIR JAMES ROBERTSON, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 5TH BATTALION, THE QUEEN'S OWN NIGERIA REGIMENT. This ceremony, which took place on December 10 on the racecourse, Ibadan, had an additional significance since these are the first Colours presented to the Regiment since the Queen bestowed on it in February 1956 the title of "The Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment." The old Colours, paraded for the last time, were presented in 1933.

DEVELOPMENTS IN PORT SAID: THE CLOSING STAGES OF THE ALLIED WITHDRAWAL.



(Above.) COVERED WITH A CAPE IN WHICH HOLES HAVE BEEN CUT FOR HIM TO SEE THROUGH: AN EGYPTIAN INFORMER POINTS OUT SUSPECTS IN A LINE OF ARRESTED EGYPTIANS AT PORT SAID.

WHILE the long negotiations for the clearance of the Suez Canal were in progress the plans for the withdrawal of the Anglo-French forces from Port Said have been steadily put into effect. On December 15 more than 500 British troops cordoned off an area in the Arab town and searched all the buildings for a clue to the whereabouts of Second Lieutenant Moorhouse, who had been abducted by a group of Egyptians on December 11. The search was followed by a night of clashes between Egyptians and British troops, and a British officer, Major Pinkerton, was killed. Early on December 17 all allied troops were withdrawn behind a wired barrier along the waterfront and the coast road to El Gamil airfield. United Nations troops took over control of the remainder of Port Said. To assist them a force of 350 Egyptian police were allowed to enter the town on the following day. On December 19 the War Office

[Continued below.]



DRIVING ALONG THE CANAL ROAD TO PORT SAID: THE FINNISH CONTINGENT TO THE UNITED NATIONS EMERGENCY FORCE WHO HAD SPENT SOME DAYS AT ABU SUEIR.



PREPARING FOR THE FINAL STAGES OF THE BRITISH DEPARTURE: SAILORS FROM THE SUBMARINE DEPOT SHIP H.M.S. FORTH DURING AN EXERCISE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE EMBARKATION JETTY AT PORT SAID AGAINST POSSIBLE LAST-MINUTE ATTACKS BY EGYPTIANS.

[Continued.]

announced that the interned employees of Suez Contractors in Egypt—about whose future there had been much concern—were to be handed over to General Stockwell, who was to arrange for their immediate conveyance to Cyprus. It was expected that these men—about 450 in all—would be back in this country in time for Christmas.



DURING THE SEARCH FOR THE KIDNAPPED BRITISH OFFICER, SECOND LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE: MEN OF THE ROYAL SCOTS REGIMENT BREAKING INTO A HOUSE IN THE ARAB QUARTER.



IN CHARGE OF THE UNITED NATIONS SALVAGE OPERATIONS: LIEUT.-GENERAL WHEELER DURING HIS RECENT TOUR OF THE BLOCKAGES IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

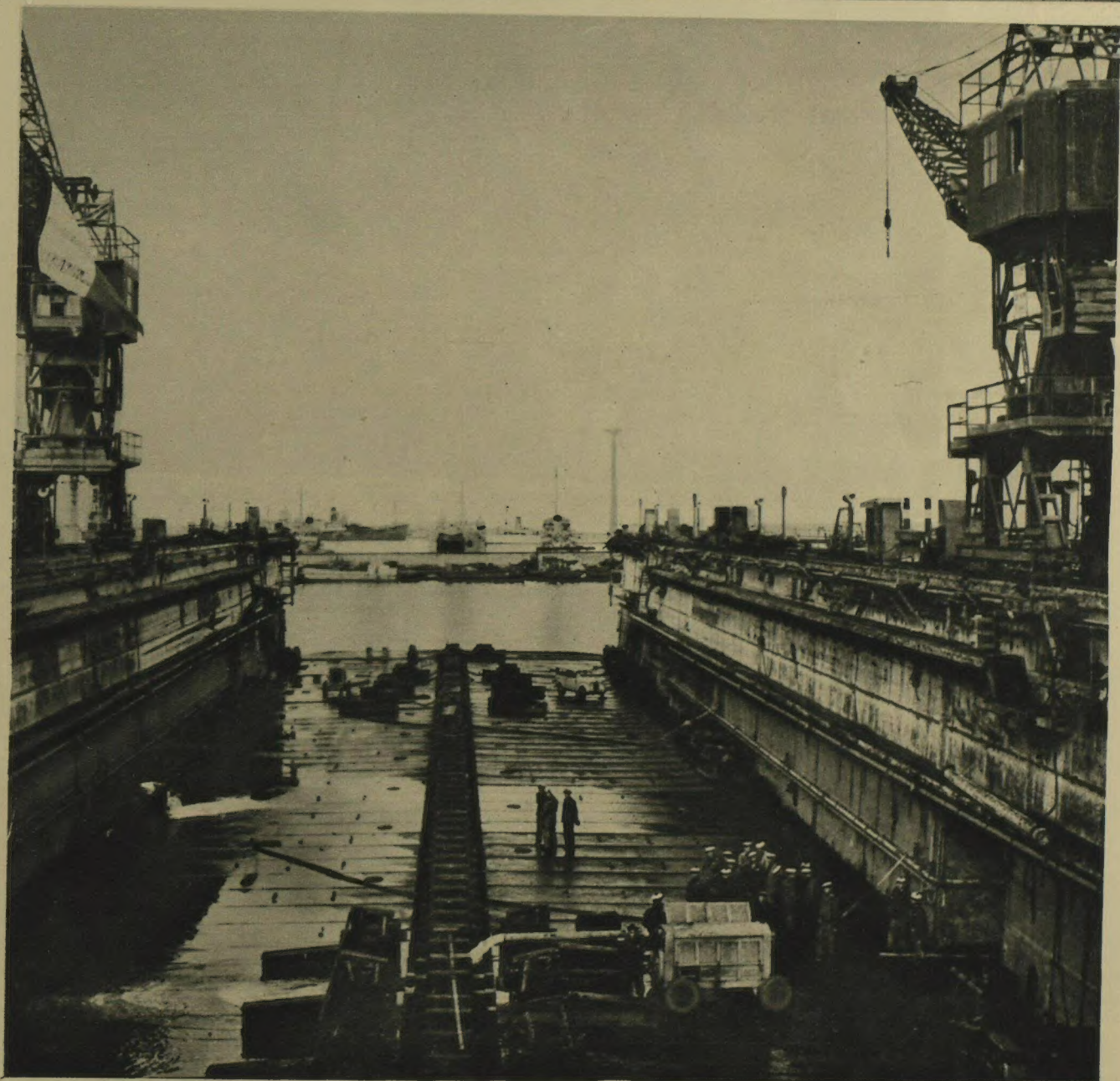
REOPENING THE SUEZ CANAL: ALLIED SALVAGE TEAMS IN PORT SAID.



(Above.)
DURING GENERAL WHEELER'S
VISIT TO PORT SAID: SALVAGE
CRAFT RAISING A SUNKEN
BLOCKSHIP FROM THE HARBOUR
ON DECEMBER 12.

WHEN General Wheeler, the United Nations Salvage Chief, visited Port Said on December 12 he met British and French commanders and made a two-hour tour of the wrecks and of salvage craft. General Wheeler warmly praised the work already done in opening Port Said harbour and agreed that if he could add the Allied salvage resources to those chartered by the United Nations, the Suez Canal would be navigable much earlier. On December 20 it was announced that the Allied salvage teams had cleared a channel at Port Said which was large enough to take the biggest ships. In the House of Commons on December 17 Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, said that if all the Anglo-French and other resources were used, a channel could be cleared through the Suez Canal in seven weeks. After the announcement on December 20 that a Royal Naval tank landing ship and supply ships would stay behind at Port Said flying the United Nations flag when the Anglo-French troops had withdrawn, the Masters and crews of the British salvage fleet agreed to continue with the work of clearing the Suez Canal blocks and wrecks.

(Right.)
AFTER BEING LIFTED IN TEN
DAYS BY ALLIED SALVAGE
TEAMS: A FLOATING DOCK,
WEIGHING 5000 TONS, SEEN
AFTER IT HAD BEEN REFLOATED
AT PORT SAID.



THE North Atlantic Treaty Organisation would have been in need of refurbishing even if the world had remained in the tranquil and complacent political atmosphere which preceded the rising in Hungary and the Suez Canal crisis. Both these events have hit N.A.T.O. like the blows of a pile-driver. The first made it clear that the Russian change in outlook, widely accepted as genuine, had either been assumed or had subsequently been reversed by one of those underground upheavals which recur again and again in the Soviet oligarchy. The second disclosed deep rifts between the leading members of the Organisation. A third, of a milder character, but serious enough, has been the break-down of the programme of rearmament of Western Germany.

It cannot be said that the information published on December 14 after the last meeting of the Atlantic Council was in any sense dramatic, but on examination it does suggest that this meeting has been more significant than usual and that it will be followed by action. However, optimists who look for far-reaching improvements may be disappointed. If ever the inner history of N.A.T.O. comes to be written, the reader will be astonished how often enthusiasm for its cause has been contingent on the money and men being found by some other nation or nations. The introduction of tactical atomic weapons has been hailed as a means of economising in costs and manpower, regardless of the fact that professional soldiers see no chance of saving more than a small percentage through them.

Yet it has always been true to say that N.A.T.O. has been at its best on the military side. That, in fact, is the only one it has hitherto revealed. The political side can manifestly be extended, but not beyond certain limits. The treaty is in essence a defence pact. The Council cannot take the initiative in international affairs as a collective representative of its members. The political development must be domestic, and there are no obvious signs that treaty signatories at the moment desire it to be anything more. Within N.A.T.O. there is much that can usefully be done.

The limits mentioned are illustrated by the manner in which the Atlantic Council dealt with events in Hungary. It expressed its feeling of "shock and revulsion." It expressed the opinion that the peoples of Eastern Europe ought to have the right to choose their own governments without outside interference. This is a formal declaration of faith, and implicitly a condemnation of Russian action in Hungary. In this field the Council has no mandate to go further. On the other hand, in domestic issues its views, and the recommendations made by Messrs. Martino, Lange and Lester Pearson, are much more positive. Without going into detail, the recommendations are that N.A.T.O. should be used by its members for consultation and co-operation far more than has hitherto been the case. They glance at a recent controversy when they say it is dangerous to an alliance for its members to ignore each other's interests or engage in political or economic conflict.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

N.A.T.O. DECIDES ON HOUSE PAINTING.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

On the military side, the details of the Council's directive are naturally secret, but its general background is clear. Plans must take into account, on the one hand, the rise in Soviet power and, on the other, the value of the new weapons in N.A.T.O. defence. Mr. Wilson, the American Defence Secretary, stated that the United States would now make available "certain modern weapons and equipment," with data to assist in their production in Europe, to countries "willing and able" to develop them. This was a cryptic statement, even for a conference. The modern weapons are said to be dual-purpose guns using either conventional ammunition or atomic warheads—but American law does not allow the transfer of atomic weapons to other countries. "Willing and able" is perhaps to remind us that

be deep. Assuming that they could be made appreciable, we are still faced by a problem which did not emerge from the Atlantic Council's report. It is that European members of N.A.T.O. are beginning to fear that a war fought with these weapons on their soil in the manner at present envisaged would result

in the virtual destruction of their countries. The possible effects of such a belief do not need stressing. Some expert opinion holds that it is a matter of method, and that these weapons could be used efficiently while inflicting only a limited amount of damage to life and property.

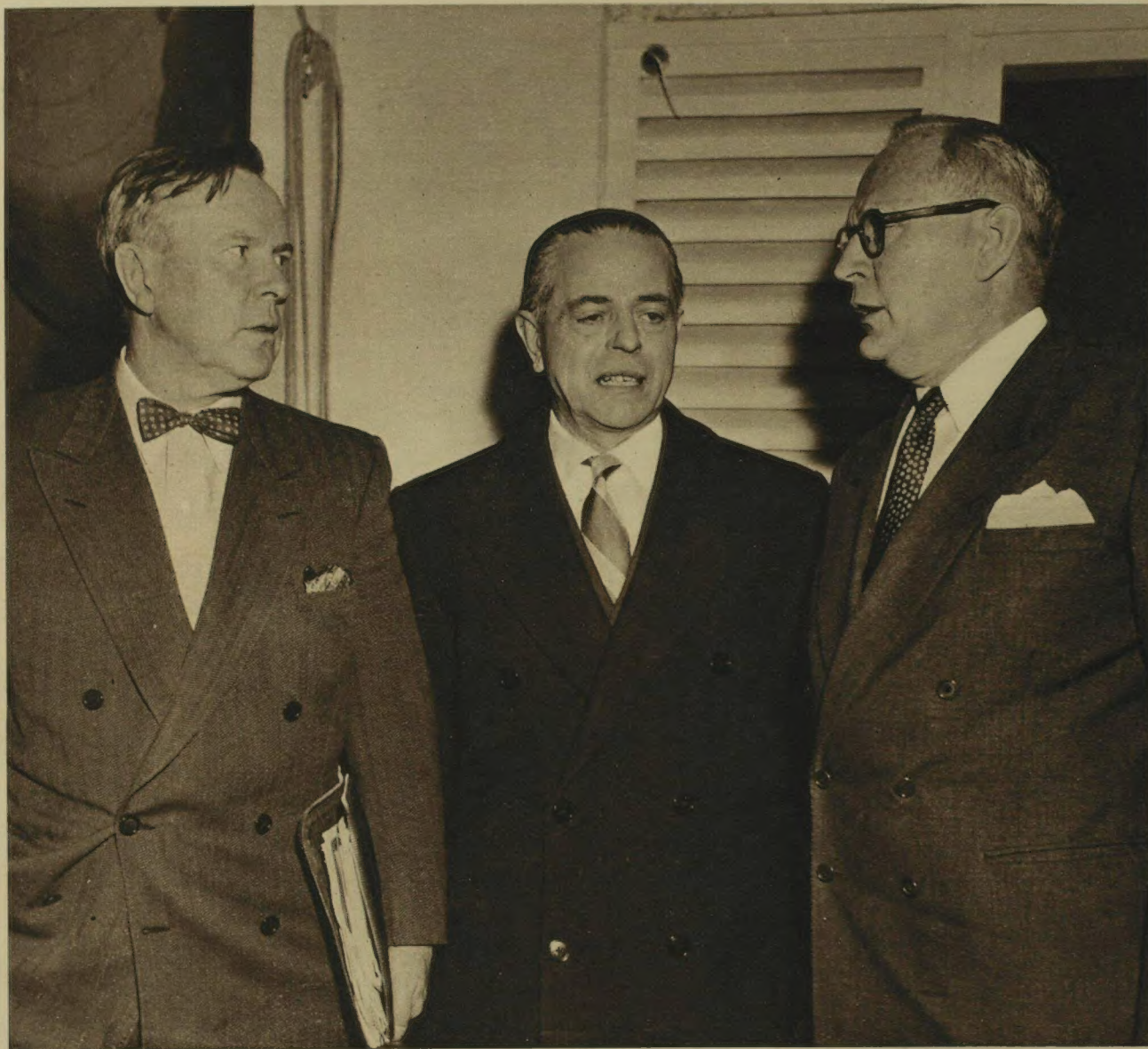
The situation is complicated by the slowing down of the German rearmament programme. The twelve divisions which were expected to be on the chess-board next year will not be there. It has been stated that the programme will be completed in 1958, but there is no certainty that all the twelve divisions will be in being in the course of that year even as things are going at present, and, in any case, only a rash prophet would talk of certainties in 1958 in that respect

or any other. This has brought up an Anglo-German controversy. Britain complains that her defence costs remain enormous, while those of Germany are low because the programme has broken down, and that Western Germany is in effect subsidising her trade, in competition with ours, by diverting to it money earmarked for defence. And, whatever Western Germany does, Britain is determined to cut her contingent.

Lecturing at the Royal United Service Institution in January last, I remarked: "It seems to me that N.A.T.O. has come to a bifurcation of roads, one leading to a continuance of its success, the other to failure." These words were used at a time when international affairs looked unusually hopeful. Events since then should in theory have braced N.A.T.O. Doubtless they have, so far as planning is concerned, but, as I have suggested, good intentions are apt to fade when it is found that plans lead

to further expenditure. It seems inevitable that Britain will lead the way in reducing her military strength in Germany and that others will follow. If so, we shall be on the way to adopting the outlook of the "trip-wire" school. Whether right or wrong, the doctrine of this school is contrary to that of the N.A.T.O. experts.

I would not end in a wholly pessimistic mood. The great servant of N.A.T.O. who has resigned hands over to an able successor in M. Spaak, the new Secretary-General. The spirit of the last Council meeting was businesslike. All that has occurred in the latter part of this year has confirmed the value of N.A.T.O. The energy engendered should suffice to give it a new lease of life from more than one point of view. Yet the pressure of the finance ministers to pare away its military strength is strong and ceaseless. There exists a real danger that this may become the dominating force and that what should be only one factor in framing N.A.T.O. military policy may become the ruling element.



AT THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT, IN PARIS, AFTER THEIR REPORT HAD BEEN PUBLISHED: THE "THREE WISE MEN" OF N.A.T.O. (L. TO R.) MR. LESTER PEARSON (CANADA), SIGNOR MARTINO (ITALY) AND HR. LANGE (NORWAY).

The report on non-military co-operation in N.A.T.O., drawn up by the committee of three, Signor Martino (Foreign Minister of Italy), Hr. Lange (Foreign Minister of Norway) and Mr. Lester Pearson (Foreign Minister of Canada), was published on December 14. It had been approved by the N.A.T.O. Council on the previous day. The recommendations contained in the report are summarised by Captain Falls in his article on this page. At a Press conference in Paris on December 14, the three Foreign Ministers made it plain that it was for individual governments to take action towards meeting the general conclusions of the report.

Western Germany is forbidden by international agreement to develop atomic weapons.

The essence of the conflict going on round N.A.T.O. is the issue between those who believe that a large land force—even though not nearly as strong as that of Russia—is necessary for the defence of the European continent and those who adhere to what is called the "trip-wire" school. The United States Government would appear to favour the first view and to have on its side the greater weight of military opinion, certainly of that connected with N.A.T.O. I am not going to repeat the arguments. I have put forward in support of this conclusion. One danger now cropping up is that of a compromise which, while leaving the Central European land forces inadequate for any serious defence, would maintain them at such a strength as would make the trip-wire too thick and thus uneconomical.

Can we then not cut the strength of the conventional defence and bring it up to efficiency with the aid of tactical atomic weapons? General Sir Richard Gale has said that the cuts cannot

WAR AND PEACE: NEWS FROM EUROPE, THE U.S.A AND NORTHERN IRELAND.



BROUGHT OUT OF HUNGARY BY A REFUGEE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF MASSED SOVIET TANKS IN A DEPOT IN A BUDAPEST SUBURB.

This photograph of Soviet tanks standing in a depot in a suburb of Budapest was taken by a Hungarian during the second week of December. Later he managed to cross the border into Austria, taking the negative with him. These tanks, of which there were over seventy in this depot, were used by the Russians during the fighting in Hungary.



IN WARSAW: CARDINAL WYSZYNSKI, THE RELEASED AND REINSTATED PRIMATE OF POLAND, GIVING HOLY COMMUNION TO SOME PRIESTS WHOM HE HAD JUST ORDAINED.



HEAVILY DAMAGED DURING THE I.R.A. TERRORIST RAIDS IN NORTHERN IRELAND: THE TERRITORIAL ARMY H.Q., WHICH WAS IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT ENNISKILLEN.

Early on December 12 attacks by Irish Republican Army terrorists were made at eleven widely separated places in Northern Ireland in the most serious outbreak organised by these gunmen since the bomb outrages in Britain shortly before the last war. During the raids a considerable portion of the B.B.C.'s low-power transmitting station in Londonderry was extensively damaged.



AFTER AN ATTACK BY I.R.A. TERRORISTS: THE UNION FLAG STILL FLYING FROM THE DAMAGED LISNASKEA POLICE BARRACKS.



JAPAN IS ADMITTED TO MEMBERSHIP OF THE UNITED NATIONS: THE SCENE IN THE SECURITY COUNCIL DURING THE UNANIMOUS VOTE TO ACCEPT THE APPLICATION.
On December 12 the Security Council voted unanimously to accept Japan's application for admission to the United Nations. The U.S.S.R. last year vetoed Japan's membership in retaliation against objections to the admission of Outer Mongolia, which she is sponsoring. Mongolia's application, taken as a separate item after Japan had been approved, was, however, rejected.



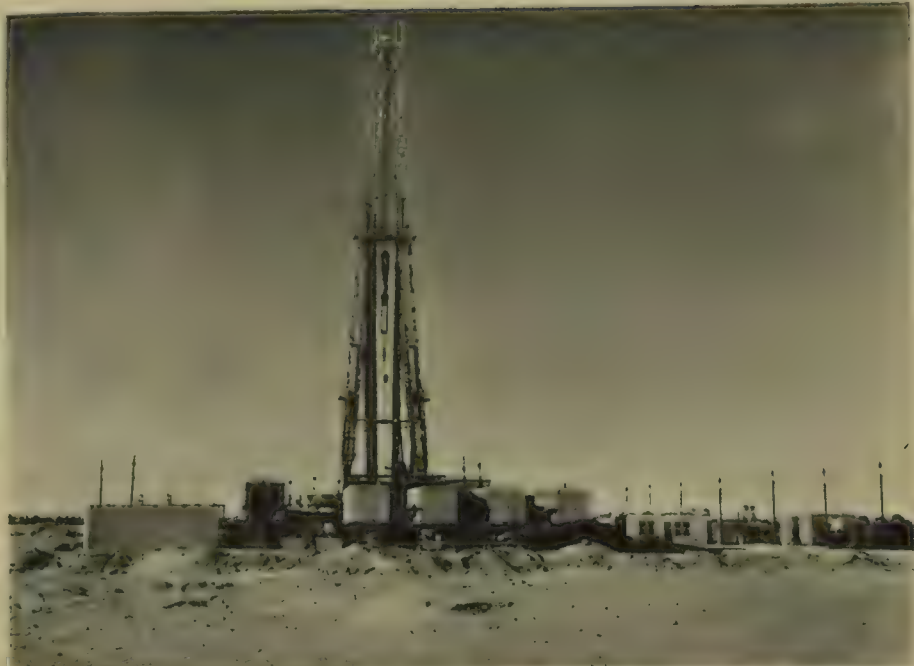
UNEARTHED BY BRITISH TROOPS: BERLIN'S MASSIVE OLYMPIC BELL, WHICH HAD BEEN LOST AFTER BEING BURIED FOR SAFETY AFTER THE WAR.
British troops recently unearthed the massive Olympic bell, cast for the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin, which they had buried for safety immediately after the war. Later, the map marking the spot was lost and the bell, which weighs 15 tons, could not be found. The bell is 13 ft. high and 12 ft. across the base.

NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS: GREAT OCCASIONS AND NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS.



BRITAIN'S FIRST VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING AIRCRAFT: THE SHORT SC 1, WHICH IS NOW UNDERGOING TESTS.

The delta-winged Short SC 1, capable of normal flight in the air, has been designed to investigate the difficult transition process from hovering to forward flight and vice versa. The SC 1 is powered by five Rolls-Royce RB 108 jet engines.



AN OIL INSTALLATION IN THE SAHARA—AN AREA WHICH THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IS HOPING TO DEVELOP.

On December 14 the French Assembly took a first step towards developing the oilfields of the Sahara when it approved the creation of the Joint Organisation of Saharan Regions—areas under French administration extending between Morocco and the Sudan.



THE DALAI LAMA OF TIBET (RIGHT) AND THE PANCHEN LAMA, ADJUSTING THEIR CINE-CAMERAS BEFORE MAKING FILMS OF THE CARVINGS IN THE ELEPHANTA CAVES, BOMBAY, DURING THEIR CURRENT TOUR OF INDIA.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, PRINCESS SHAHNAZ (LEFT CENTRE), AT THE CEREMONY MARKING HER ENGAGEMENT TO MR. ARDESHIR ZAHEDI (LEFT). The engagement of Princess Shahnaz, who is sixteen and the only child of the Shah's first marriage, to Mr. Ardeshir Zahedi was announced in Teheran on November 13. Mr. Zahedi is the son of General Zahedi, who is seen right centre. On the right is Princess Shams.



CLAIMED AS A NEW WORLD RECORD CATCH FOR WAHOO, IN THE 30-LB. TEST LINE CLASSIFICATION: A 90-LB. FISH CAUGHT OFF NASSAU, IN THE BAHAMAS, BY M. ANTON TOPIC, OF MONTREUX, IN SWITZERLAND. IT BEATS THE EXISTING RECORD BY 5 LBS.



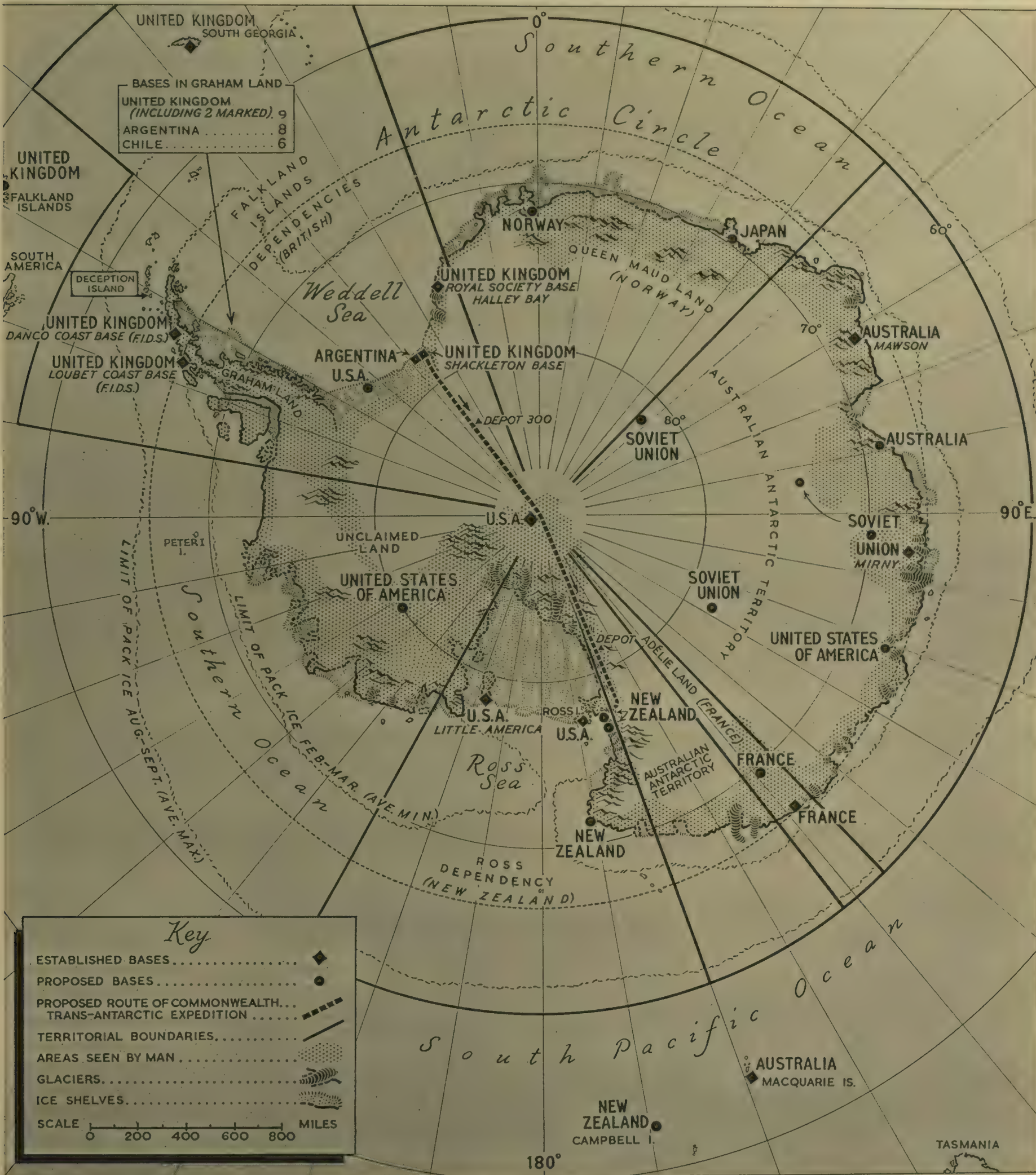
A MAHARAJA'S DAUGHTER, PRINCESS USHA OF INDORE (LEFT CENTRE), MARRIES A COMMONER, MR. SATISH MALHOTRA (RIGHT CENTRE) AT BOMBAY. On the left is the Maharaja of Indore, on the right the Maharanee. It is understood that the Maharaja raised no objection to the marriage, which was, however, opposed by other members of the Royal Caste. The bridegroom is a Bombay businessman.



THE LARGEST OIL-TANKER TO DOCK IN BRITAIN AND THE FIRST U.S. OIL SHIP TO BE DIVERTED TO ENGLAND TO HELP SOLVE THE PRESENT OIL CRISIS.

The 56,089-ton American-owned tanker, *Sinclair Petroleum*, is here photographed from the air as she approached Fawley, Southampton Water, where she was expected to dock on Dec. 20. She was carrying 52,600 tons of crude oil from Kuwait and normally runs between Kuwait and the U.S.A.

ANTARCTICA: THE SUBJECT OF NEW INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.



AN UP-TO-DATE MAP OF ANTARCTICA, SHOWING BASES FOR INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR RESEARCHES AND THE INTENDED ROUTE OF THE COMMONWEALTH TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Outstanding in the programme of scientific investigation planned for the International Geophysical Year of 1957-1958 are the exploration and observations which are to be made in the Antarctic. During the International Geophysical Year the scientists and explorers of most of the nations of the world will be co-operating, and among the countries working in the Antarctic are Great Britain, the United States and Russia. Owing to the difficult conditions in the Antarctic, preparations for the I.G.Y. have been carried out by all the nations concerned for a long time past. Bases have been set up and various types of equipment landed. One of the difficulties is the fact that only during a period of about ten weeks can a relatively ice-free sea approach be made. The International Geophysical Year has been preceded by similar ventures, the International Polar Years of 1882-83 and 1932-33, but it will be different from these two schemes in that "the most modern types of observation of many kinds . . . will be more widespread over the globe, and

made with greater frequency, than ever before." Questions to which scientists may find an answer, from the results of their researches into the earth's surface, its interior and the atmosphere, include the following: Do continents drift and at what rate? Is the earth's climate getting warmer? Are sunspots the origin of certain types of cosmic rays? Other questions are meaningless to the layman. It is likely the scientists will find many unforeseen questions arising as new facts are assembled. Since 1932 methods of scientific observation have been improved, and in particular the various radio instruments, and rockets for the upper atmosphere. With improved equipment and with the invaluable aid of the pooling of widespread and co-ordinated observations, it is hoped that much may be learnt about the various puzzling phenomena which have been noted in the still slightly-known Antarctic. (Deception Island, which the Duke of Edinburgh will visit at the New Year, is indicated at the top left of the map.)

THE HUMAN BODY THROUGH ARTISTS' EYES.

"THE NUDE. A STUDY OF IDEAL ART." By KENNETH CLARK.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE NUDE": there is a bluntness, a sudden brevity about the title: at first sight, I felt that some sort of pistol was being held at my head. I conceive that Sir Kenneth Clark had himself some difficulty in choosing a title. He does here produce a sub-title which I suppose is meant to indicate that the author doesn't think that the mere element of nudity implies a deep cleavage between one group of works and another: the sub-title is "A Study of Ideal Art." But even that is vague: what does "Ideal" mean? The word can be used in the Platonic sense; it may suggest a perfection of forms, possible but not developed, at which the Greeks aimed: forms which might, male or female, be so muscular or so elegant that they could represent the shapes of gods and goddesses; or it may tempt us to dreams of "something afar from the sphere of our sorrow," better in mind than we most of us are, and shapelier in body. But, to come to the point, after reading Sir Kenneth's book, and trying myself to conceive an accurate title for it, all I could think of was: "A Study of the Treatment of the Human Body by Sculptors and Painters of All European Ages." That would have been fairly precise: but what a title to ask for in a bookshop! "The Nude" it had to be and "The Nude" it is. As for "the ideal," Sir Kenneth and I will have to differ. He admits, towards the end of his book, reproductions of paintings and sculptures which appear to me either outrageous, or despairing, or nonsensical. There is a Rouault of enormously corpulent prostitutes, which may record Rouault's disgust; there are cumbersome lumps of Henry Moore's statuary, heavily prone on the ground and with holes through them; and there is a Picasso, described as "Woman in Chair," which looks to me like a tangled festoon of macaroni. I don't see where "Ideal Art" comes in here: it looks to me like something out of a madhouse, or something made by a person who thinks, or knows, that madhouse products are fashionable in the shops of Parisian art-dealers who can tell what their lady-customers will want to buy at their obliging, rich husbands' expense. The things I've seen appear in drawing-rooms, to be replaced, after a season or two, by other things, stylised in a "new" mode! It is a comfort to think that an end must come some time. Surely the whole gamut of distortion, both in painting and in sculpture, must have almost been run through by now!

Not that I am raising the cry "Back to Victoria." In the era of Bougereau and Lord Leighton multitudes of models posed for multitudes of insipid nudes which nobody would now dream of hanging in a public gallery, but reproductions of which at one time swarmed in the shops. I don't know whether Sir Kenneth hasn't been a little too drastic in his almost total exclusion of English works from his list of nearly 300 illustrations. He has a mildly kind word for Etty, of whose strong drawings he might surely have given us a specimen, but not until we come to two works of Henry Moore, a Recumbent Figure in stone and a Reclining Figure in wood, do we encounter anything by a British artist. Of these Sir Kenneth says that they are among the sculptor's "most satisfying works." "Many different associations," he goes on, "converge in these carvings: in the former there is the feeling of the menhir and the memory of rocks worn through by the sea; in the latter there is the pulsation of the wooden heart, like a crusader's head,

burrowing in the hollow breast. But in both, these conflicting memories are resolved by their subordination to the human body, and in fact they develop two basic ideas of the nude which was first embodied in the Dionysus and the Ilissus of the Parthenon, the stone figure with bent knee rising from the earth like a hill, the wooden figure with averted thorax and open legs, struggling out of the earth like a tree, not without a powerful suggestion of sexual readiness." This lyrical enthusiasm is evidently quite genuine. For myself I cannot detect, and should not enjoy were I able to detect, in Mr. Moore's great chunk of wood, the semblance of a wooden heart, resembling the helmed head of a crusader, pulsating and burrowing in a hollow breast. A general

vague-resemblance in outline to the Ilissus might be perceived by any instructed person. But the resemblance to the human form, as distinguished from one possible pose of the human form, is so remote that I hardly think it reasonable to group these carvings with the other various representations of the nude. "The heathen in his blindness," said Kipling, "bows down to wood and stone." I doubt if even the most exalted heathen would bow down to these ponderous



"WE RECOGNISE THE REAL RAPHAEL TO WHOM A TANGIBLE PRESENCE WAS ESSENTIAL": A STUDY FROM LIFE OF A KNEELING GIRL, BY RAPHAEL. (From the drawing in the Chatsworth Collection.)

effigies of Mr. Moore. He would see that they were wood and stone; but he wouldn't perceive in them anything of animate shape, human or divine. I can't remember any British paintings of the nude (Sir Kenneth sets "the nude" augustly apart from "the naked," though I must confess that Manet's "Olympia" seems to me to depict a hussy with her clothes off, and the same painter's "Déjeuner sur l'herbe"—here mentioned but not reproduced—in another world from Giorgione's supreme representation of another picnic, (with clothed men and women undraped) which definitely demand inclusion in his panorama of idealised bodies, realistic bodies (these, if the subjects have entered middle-life, are almost bound to be dreary, if not repulsive, because of not conforming to "the ideal") and bodies deformed in all sorts of ways. But I can't help thinking that, in his Olympic Game of Nudist Art, he might have found a few passable competitors amongst British sculptors, though they mightn't get Gold Medals.

I am not being crudely nationalistic about this. But I do prefer the beautiful to the ugly, and even the ugly, which of late has been much in vogue, to the meaningless and heartless. Sir Kenneth, sturdily determined to keep up with the

times, says, when he ends his panegyric of Mr. Moore, "Thus modern art shows even more explicitly than the art of the past that the nude does not simply represent the body, but relates it, by analogy, to all structures that have become part of our imaginative experience. The Greeks related it to their geometry. Twentieth-century man, with his vastly extended experience of physical life, and his more elaborate patterns of mathematical symbols, must have at the back of his mind analogies of far greater complexity. But he has not abandoned the effort to express them visibly as part of himself. The Greeks perfected the nude in order that man might feel like a god, and in a sense this is still its function, for although we no longer suppose that God is like a beautiful man, we still feel close to divinity in those flashes of self-identification when, through our own bodies, we seem to be aware of a universal order."

This has been a very difficult book to review, just as the subject was a very difficult one for Sir Kenneth to tackle. Think of the range. From early Greek statuary, through the peerless Aphrodite of Cnidos and the Parthenon Frieze, to the illuminated manuscripts, Botticelli (here done justice), the realistic Dürer and Cranach, Correggio (unduly neglected in our time), Rubens, Boucher, Ingres, to our own time and its sad monstrosities. Travelling with Sir Kenneth through such vast areas of time and space I have naturally had to differ with him about some things, increasingly as we have approached our own time, and those silly successive "states" of a Picasso lithograph. But his book has been an experience, leading to a certain amount of discovery, which I would not willingly forfeit. Hard thought is evident on every page: and the exposure of the soul to impressions of beauty.

For this I thank him most of all: that he has recognised the supremacy of the Aphrodite of Cnidos, by Praxiteles. We know her only by copies, of which there are many, very various, at the feet of one, in the Archaeological Museum, attached to the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, I used to stand weekly in reverence when young. Even in copies it was evident that here was the loveliest creation of man. Should our new sub-

marine archaeologists ever fish her up from the Mediterranean some poet will greet her with a paean exclaiming that which Pater delivered to Mona Lisa.

Sir Kenneth says that she was first offered to the Island of Cos, and they refused her because they didn't think a goddess should be undraped. I suspect, I fear, a baser motive: that island was celebrated for making the most diaphanous fabric known to antiquity, "Coa vestis," and nudity would have competed disastrously.

I have written an extremely inadequate review of an impressive and enchanting book.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1130 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR KENNETH CLARK.

Sir Kenneth Clark has been Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain since 1953, and Chairman of the Independent Television Authority since 1954. Born in 1903, he was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford. He was Keeper of the Department of Fine Art, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, from 1931-33; Director of the National Gallery, 1934-45, and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford, 1946-50.



"OF ALL HIS WORKS IT IS THE MOST CALMLY SATISFYING AND BEST EXEMPLIFIES HIS NOTION OF BEAUTY AS SOMETHING LARGE, SIMPLE AND CONTINUOUS, ENCLOSED AND AMPLIFIED BY AN UNBROKEN OUTLINE": "BAIGNEUSE DE VALPINÇON" (1808), BY INGRES. (Louvre.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Nude"; by courtesy of the publisher, John Murray.

* "The Nude. A Study of Ideal Art." By Kenneth Clark. 298 Illustrations. (John Murray; 3 guineas.)



"MOST POTENT, GRAVE AND REVEREND SIGNIORS . . ."—A PARLIAMENT OF PENGUINS ON THE SLOPES OF ANTARCTIC DECEPTION ISLAND.



WHERE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS EXPECTED FOR LUNCHEON ON NEW YEAR'S DAY: THE FALKLAND ISLANDS DEPENDENCIES BASE ON DECEPTION ISLAND.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE DECEPTION ISLAND BASE, WHEN THE SNOW HAD RECEDED FROM THE BUILDINGS AND THE LOWER SLOPES.

WHERE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL SEE THE NEW YEAR IN: LONELY DECEPTION ISLAND, IN THE FAR ANTARCTIC.

The Saturday and Sunday of December 15-16 H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh spent on Norfolk Island with its park-like views and ideal climate, as reported elsewhere in this issue. Some sixteen days later he was due to land on Deception Island, a Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey base in the remote Antarctic group of the South Shetland Islands, just off the coast of Graham Land. Dates in the Antarctic naturally depend on the weather, but the approximate dates of his stay, before leaving for the Falkland Islands, were

December 31 to January 2; and it was expected that the Duke would see the New Year in on Deception Island and eat his New Year's Day luncheon in the headquarters of the Survey. This time of the year is, of course, the Antarctic summer, but, even so, conditions are hardly likely to match those of Norfolk Island. During the last Antarctic summer, an aerial survey of Graham Land was conducted on behalf of the Dependencies' Government by Hunting Aerosurveys. [Photographs by Aerofilms Ltd.]



NORFOLK ISLAND, THE LONELY AND BEAUTIFUL PACIFIC ISLAND WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITED ON DECEMBER 15 AND 16.



KINGSTON, NORFOLK ISLAND, AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH (RIGHT) THE RUINS OF THE CONVICT SETTLEMENT.



FLAT ROCK, NORFOLK ISLAND—REPUTEDLY THE SPOT WHERE CAPTAIN COOK LANDED ON OCTOBER 10, 1774.

In the course of his Australasian tour, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on December 15 flew from New Zealand to Norfolk Island and on the following day returned by air to Christchurch, in New Zealand. As our map shows, Norfolk Island lies north-west of New Zealand and north-east of Sydney. It is a small and beautiful island, famous for its delightful climate and the noble Norfolk Island pines, a relation of the "monkey-puzzle," which are

NORFOLK ISLAND, THE LONELY PACIFIC BEAUTY AN ISLE OF NOBLE TREES, GRIM AND ROMANTIC



LOOKING DOWN ON NORFOLK ISLAND'S TWO-RUNWAY AIRSTRIP: QANTAS NOW OPERATE A FORTNIGHTLY AIR SERVICE BETWEEN SYDNEY AND NORFOLK ISLAND.



NORFOLK ISLAND IN CONVICT DAYS: A DRAWING MADE IN 1853, SHOWING: (1) COMMISSARIAT; (2) BARRACKS; (3) PARADE-GROUND; (4) BARRACKS; (5) STAFF COOK'S BAY; (6) CIVIL COMMANDANT'S RESIDENCE; (7) HOSPITAL; (8) GAOL; (9) GANG OF PRISONERS; (10) CONSTABLES' QUARTERS. (Reproduced from our issue of January 14, 1939.)



THE "HAUNTED ROAD" NEAR KINGSTON, NORFOLK ISLAND: AVOIDED AT NIGHT BY THE ISLANDERS WHO BELIEVE THAT THE GHOSTS OF SHACKLED CONVICTS WALK IT.

such a feature of its park-like landscape. It was discovered by Captain Cook in 1774; and its small township of Kingston is the second oldest British settlement in the Pacific, being founded in 1788, a few weeks after the settlement at Sydney Cove. Until 1813 it was used for ticket-of-leave convicts, and then, after a period in which it was uninhabited, it was used from 1826 to 1855 as a harsh penal settlement for the worst type of criminal.

SPOT WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITED: MEMORIES, AND A FINE FUTURE AS A RESORT.



NORFOLK ISLAND, FROM THE AIR: THIS FORMER PENAL COLONY HAS A BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE AND IS BEING DEVELOPED AS A HOLIDAY RESORT.



THE OLD NORFOLK ISLAND CEMETERY, SOME OF WHOSE STONES DATE BACK 150 YEARS. BURIAL IS FREE IN THE ISLAND, WHICH ALSO HAS NO INCOME TAX.



THE OLD NORFOLK ISLAND CEMETERY, SOME OF WHOSE STONES DATE BACK 150 YEARS. BURIAL IS FREE IN THE ISLAND, WHICH ALSO HAS NO INCOME TAX.

After this the descendants of the Bounty mutineers from Pitcairn Island were settled here; and although some of the Pitcairners returned to Pitcairn, about 50 per cent. of the present Norfolk Islanders are of Pitcairn descent. The population is still small and the principal occupations are farming and fruit-growing, but there are great possibilities in whaling and fishing. Of recent years, too, Norfolk Island has grown in popularity as a



DURING 1826-55, NORFOLK ISLAND WAS A SEVERE PENAL COLONY, AND THE RUINS OF THE CONVICT SETTLEMENT STILL STAND AT KINGSTON.

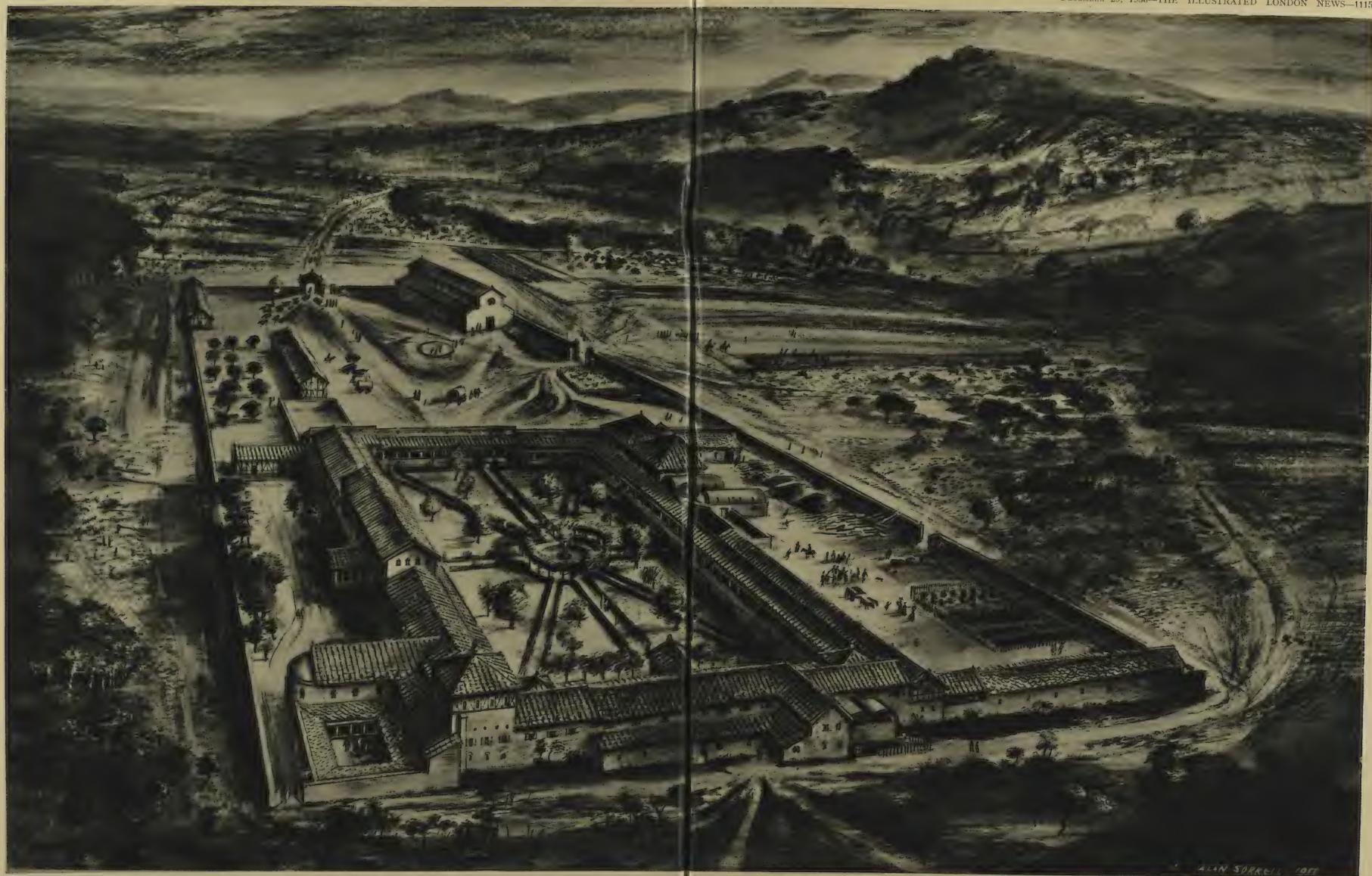


TWO OF THE LARGER NORFOLK ISLAND HOUSES, WHICH CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN THE 1853 DRAWING, (Nos. 1 AND 2).



THE GRAVESTONE OF A NORFOLK ISLAND CONVICT EXECUTED IN 1834. THE GAOL GATE WAS USED AS A GALLOW.

holiday resort, for a simple, relaxed kind of holiday, and there are a number of guest-houses, a golf club, several tennis clubs and a bowling club. The Duke's visit was likewise mainly informal, although including an organised drive, a visit to the ruins of the convict settlement and a Government House garden-party; and the Duke supplemented these arrangements with a private drive, a swim and a visit to the whaling station.



IN THE SUNSET SPLENDOUR OF ROMAN BRITAIN, BEFORE THE DARK AGES: THE ROMAN VILLA OF BIGNOR, A GREAT AND RICH COUNTRY ESTATE, AS IT WAS IN THE 4TH CENTURY.

The Roman villa at Bignor was discovered in 1811 and its grand plan was fully uncovered by Samuel Lysons in that and following years. To-day most of its foundations lie beneath ploughed fields, but the fine mosaics of the living-rooms have always been kept open in thatched sheds, and they attract many visitors. In this reconstruction by Alan Sorrell we are looking down at the north-west corner and western wing of the villa; beyond it lies the inner court, doubtless a formal garden in Roman times, and beyond that, to the east again, is seen the outer courtyard where lie the barns and cattle-sheds of the farm-estate and the quarters of its labourers. It needs

emphasizing that Roman villas were not the residences of the rich; they had an economic function. Bignor, one of the largest in Britain, must have been the centre of a very great estate. Its most prosperous days, which saw the house enlarged to its fullest extent, will have been in the fourth century: this is probably the period of the fine mosaics; and a great deal of the prosperity implied by this fine building and its luxurious decorations will have been due to large-scale sheep-ranching on the South Downs nearby. The house had a long history running from the second to the late fourth century and was almost certainly enlarged and added to as time

went on from an original quite-modest farm-house in the later west wing. We see it at the days of its glory. The fine dining-room (*triclinium*) with its small fountain and the Ganymede mosaic projects north from the north wing; nearer the viewpoint is the great apsidal winter living-room, with its mosaics of Juno with her peacocks and the gladiatorial Cupids lying over a hypocaust system of heating. At the lower (right) end of the west wing in the foreground are the baths of the domestic staff and the great state bath block of the villa itself lies in the far right corner of the inner court. Several rooms of graded heat were provided as in a modern Turkish bath, together

with a cold plunge-bath of some size. The hot rooms, heated by hypocausts, are shown vaulted; this was a precaution taken by the Romans against the danger of fire. Since the original excavation of Lysons' nothing but the mosaics has been visible: except that in 1924 the cold bath was uncovered and restored by Winbolt. Recently the owner, Captain H. Tupper, desired to reveal more of the foundations and thus make the remains more intelligible to visitors. In September of this year Mr. Sheppard Frere, F.S.A., began the first of several seasons' work, the aim of which is to learn more about this important villa and to make more of it visible again.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A PROBLEM which often crops up in the layout and making of gardens, especially when the ground slopes down and away from the house, is how to

treat the long, narrow strip of ground which may occur between one terraced path and the parallel path immediately below it. Sometimes, of course, if it is a house of any architectural pretensions, and if the architect is asked, or allowed, to invade the garden, he will deal with the problem of the fall between the upper and the lower path in a purely architectural way, with a terrace wall, topped, perhaps, with a formal balustrade. Such treatment will, no doubt, make a pleasant support for climbing plants, but how seldom, alas, does an architect or a builder provide any sort of support for the climbers which can afford such gracious embellishment for their work. No, these folk are usually very naughty in their neglect of supports—wires or trellis—for climbers on the house and other walls which they build.

But formal terrace walls, balustrades and steps are not suitable for every type of house, and it is not every house-owner who could afford them, or would even want them. The long strip of ground between the upper and the lower levels, perhaps 2, or 3, or 4 yards wide, must often, of necessity, be left as a long bank of greater or less steepness, and all too often this bank is put down to turf, which is surely the worst possible solution of the problem. It is a dull, unimaginative way out, and an extravagant plan in these days of labour shortage and the vital importance of simplifying and economising in garden upkeep. The weekly mowing of a good, level lawn makes a formidable hole in the weekly quota of available labour, but mowing, in addition, a turf bank of rather questionable beauty just is not practical garden politics.

What, then, should be done with the sloping strip? One way out of the difficulty would be to cut the bank back and build a stone dry wall to retain the path above, and plant it with wall-loving plants, Alpine and otherwise, aubrietas, alyssums, iberis, rock roses (helianthemums), saxifrages, pinks, etc. In building such a dry wall it is important to make it slope back a few inches out of the perpendicular, and to pack good soil between the stones in lieu of mortar, taking great care that no air-pockets are left. As an alternative to stone, it may be more economical to make a brick wall, again giving it a slight backward "batter," using mortar in this case, and leaving convenient holes in the wall face in which to plant the aubrietas and other plants.

Some fifty years ago I was faced with this very problem in a Hertfordshire garden which I was planting. There was a long, wide gravel terrace path the whole length of the south side of the house, and a turf bank sloping from the path to a lawn below. This bank was perhaps 50 yards long, between 3 and 4 yards wide, and steep enough to make the mowing of it a thoroughly tiresome and laborious job.

I had the whole bank dug over and buried the turf deep enough for safety. At the same time I narrowed the bank by a few feet, thus making it rather steeper. Then I obtained several tons of rough sandstone rock which I built into the bank in the form of a simple rock outcrop, or elongated rock garden, with a series of earth pockets for plants. In planting I avoided small, choice, high-brow Alpines, and concentrated instead on hearty, showy, colourful Alpine and other dwarf and semi-dwarf plants—rock roses, iberis,

BANK GARDENING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

aubrietas, campanulas, saxifrages, daphnes, and so on. That rock bank was a tremendous success. During most of the year it was gay with colour, and even during the dead winter months it was picturesque and full of interest. And as to labour, it was at all times as good as gold and no trouble at all. Weeding was reduced to a minimum, thanks to the fairly dense carpet of dwarf plants.

Not only does the making of such a rock bank solve the problem of the tiresome turf slope, it solves for many people another problem—to have a rock garden or not to have a rock garden. All gardeners of goodwill and open mind admire Alpine plants. How could they help it? Yet not everyone wants to have a normal conventional rock garden on which to grow Alpines. But where else can rock and Alpine plants be appropriately grown than among rocks? Many of them can only look hopelessly lost or even ridiculous dumped about in odd places, the fronts of the herbaceous borders, carpeting the rose-beds, and so forth.

A rock bank such as I have described is a rock garden of sorts, it has a perfectly sound *raison*

a mountain or Alpine landscape as the full-blooded rock garden so often does, it is not too inappropriate and incongruous if certain quite un-Alpine plants are included among the more typical Alpine and rock plants, whilst certain dwarf shrubs may well be included in the collection, to add variety and picturesque interest. In building the rock into the bank it is important to lay the stones half buried, and in such a way as to form pockets of soil of widely varying size, so as to accommodate both trailing, spreading species, as well as compact tufted plants, such as the silver saxifrages which prefer narrow pockets and crevices formed by the larger rocks grouped close together so as to form occasional bold rocky tumps. Such easily-grown plants, such as the rock roses, iberis, campanulas, aubrietas, yellow alyssums and pinks, which I have already mentioned, will be invaluable for making a brilliant spring and summer show. Other plants of this nature, for filling the larger, wider pockets are such violas as "Norah Leigh," *V. gracilis* and *V. cornuta*, *Polygonum affine* and *P. vacciniifolium*, *Gentiana acaulis*, of course, as well as *G. septemfida* and *G. sino-ornata* for late summer if your soil suits it. The little sub-shrubby *Æthionemas* are grand with their pink flowers and neat habit. *Androsace lanuginosa* spreads wide, silky grey mats with pale blue-pink flowers, and *A. sarmentosa* and *A. sempervivoides* are easy, too, and most attractive. The thrifts or sea pinks—*armerias*, both "Vindictive," crimson and "Bee's Pink," are invaluable. *Cotyledon simplicifolia* makes mats of green succulent leaves with flowers which dangle and suggest a miniature yellow willow pattern tree. Of pinks there is a wide choice, singles and doubles, and in endless rich colours. *Linum narbonneuse* makes a 2-ft. wiry bush with neat narrow leaves and myriads of big blossoms in brilliant sapphire satin. Then there is a superb dwarf evening primrose, which is not often seen—*Enothera glaber*, with beetroot-red leaves, and rich golden flowers with scarlet calyces, clumpy, erect growing and 18 ins. high.

Of the dwarf mat-forming phloxes, there are endless varieties—pink, lavender, crimson, violet and white. It is best to see them in flower at a nursery in making a choice, though all are good, and one could hardly go wrong on catalogue descriptions. *Primula julia* and its many varieties make dense carpets of colour, mostly barbaric crimsons, in spring. One of the loveliest of these is the very blue-lavender "Blue Horizon." The compact veronicas of the *rupestris* and the *teucrium* types, in blue, lavender and pink, are invaluable on the rock bank, and are absurdly easy to grow.

These are just a suggestive few plants for a start. Many more will be collected to taste, and in addition there should be such dwarf shrubs as the low-growing, intensely fragrant *Daphne cneorum*, the rounded, bushy *Daphne retusa*, and the favourite old *Daphne mezereum*, pink or white for fragrance and colour in early spring. And there should be a few of the shrubby *Potentillas*, with golden, white or sulphur strawberry blooms. The best of them all is, surely, the superb *P. arbuscula*, which spreads to a neat bush 3 to 4 ft. wide, a couple of feet high, and carrying myriads of big strawberry-like blossoms of a rich bland butter-yellow, from early till late summer.

Lastly, and of course, there should be a selection of really dwarf rhododendrons and azaleas—that is, if your soil suits them. If it doesn't, most emphatically not.



INFORMALLY LINKING TWO LEVELS OF LAWN: A SLOPING ROCK BANK, PLANTED WITH SMALL SHRUBS AND THE STRONGER-GROWING ROCK PLANTS.

The rock bank which Mr. Elliott describes in some detail, was a long, more or less straight example, 3 or 4 yards wide; and the example shown here is more informal and is used in linking irregularly-broken or rolling ground rather than in making a simple substitute for a terrace in a regular slope. The principle, however, is obviously adaptable and can be expanded or contracted to suit any terrain.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

d'être—which is rather important in gardening—and it makes a congenial and appropriate home for innumerable enchanting Alpine and rock-loving plants, large and small, for which it would be difficult to find congenial and appropriate settings elsewhere in the garden—short of a set rock garden. Moreover, as the rock bank does not pretend to be

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COMING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS—BUT NOT “AN OCCASION WHEN A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL”: THE CROSS-CHANNEL VESSEL *MAID OF ORLEANS* ENTERING FOLKESTONE HARBOUR IN A HEAVY SWELL.

December 16 was a day of heavy gales at sea, and among those who suffered as a result were many people travelling back to this country for Christmas. This is a season when the cross-Channel services have a steady traffic both into and out of the country, for while many return home for Christmas, others leave the country to spend this time abroad, especially those with a ski-ing holiday in mind. While the *Maid of Orleans* was making her

cross-Channel voyage in very heavy seas, other vessels were in trouble in many areas. The Finnish steamer *Petsamo* was in difficulties off the Irish coast, while tugs had to go to the aid of the new Dutch liner *Statendam*, which developed engine trouble during her trials in the North Sea. High winds prevented the liner *Queen Elizabeth* entering into dry-dock at Southampton for two days, and the Christmas season was heralded by most inclement weather.



THE CHAPEL, SHOWING PART OF THE CLOISTER AND (LEFT) PART OF ONE OF THE BUILDINGS CONTAINING THE LODGINGS OF THE BRETHREN.



TEMPORARILY TURNED INTO AN ATELIER FOR THE CRAFTSMEN: A SECTION OF THE CLOISTERS LEADING TO THE CHAPEL.
LONDON'S CHARTERHOUSE RESTORED: SCENES AS TEN YEARS' WORK REACHED COMPLETION.

The restoration of the Charterhouse, in Charterhouse Square, near Smithfield, in the City of London, is now nearing completion after some ten years' work. On December 12 the annual Founder's Day dinner was held, for the first time for eighteen years, in the Great Hall. The Charterhouse was founded in the fourteenth century as a monastery, but in 1611 it was first endowed as a home for poor men by Thomas Sutton. Apart from the

brothers' quarters, the buildings date mainly from the sixteenth century and were seriously damaged during an air raid in 1941. The Charterhouse School, also founded by Thomas Sutton, has developed into a great public school and was transferred in 1872 to Godalming, in Surrey. On these pages we show some views of Charterhouse by our Special Artist, Mr. Dennis Flanders, made at the time of the completion of the great

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

[Continued opposite.



NOW COMPLETELY RESTORED TO ITS FORMER MAGNIFICENCE: THE GREAT CHAMBER, WITH ITS RECONSTRUCTED AND REGILDED PLASTER CEILING.



SCENE OF THE TRADITIONAL FOUNDER'S DAY DINNER: THE RESTORED GREAT HALL. MUCH OF THE TIMBERING AND PANELLING WAS SAVED, BUT SOME IS NEW.

WITH THEIR FORMER SPLENDOUR REGAINED: THE GREAT CHAMBER AND GREAT HALL OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

Continued. scheme of restoration. A section of the cloisters leading to the chapel has been serving as a temporary atelier for the craftsmen (see lower drawing, opposite page). The man at the bench is removing burnt timber from an old panel. Here various wall-plaques and monuments have been lovingly and laboriously mended. The Great Chamber has been completely restored to its former magnificence and its ceiling reconstructed and regilded.

In its restored form the Great Chamber has its original full length, since a dividing wall, that was destroyed in 1941, has not been replaced. The tapestries are now back upon the walls and this room is once more one of the most splendid in London. Much of the timbering and panelling in the Great Hall was saved from the fire of 1941, but most of it had to be renovated and some of it is new.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

16TH-CENTURY EUROPE—17TH-CENTURY HOLLAND.



THE Skira books, ablaze with colour, most of it very good, some of it not too close to the original painting, continue to appear and continue to keep up the standard originally set. They are not cheap—unless you are by now bludgeoned by harsh circumstances into calling eight or nine guineas cheap—but they are uncommonly fine, and as not one of the illustrations is in monochrome, we have no right to complain. Here are two, one on Dutch Painting,* the other on the painting of the sixteenth century in Europe with the title "From Leonardo to El Greco."†

Many have attempted to explain how it was that the little land of Holland, won so hardly from the sea, should, during one single century, and not before or since, have produced so many painters of quality and not a few of genius. No one, so far as I know, has succeeded. The mystery is the more extraordinary in that there was next to no Church or State patronage, and that the market for the innumerable painters of the time was provided by the ordinary citizen, who seems to have bought pictures as he bought tulips, as part of the day by day amenities of life, and not—as is the case with us—on rare occasions only. And how very strange that so magnificent a painting tradition should have frittered itself away just when that of England was hardly beginning and the French, with Watteau and Chardin, were renewing themselves, as their habit is every hundred years or so! Jean Leymarie, who is responsible for the text, is faced by the usual difficulty of deciding how to distinguish Dutch from Flemish until the difference becomes apparent in the seventeenth century, and very sensibly avoids argument by concentrating mainly upon that indubitably Northern Dutch painter, Geertgen Tot Sint Jans, whom few know, with a side glance at Jerome Bosch, who is no more Dutch than Flemish, and, in any case, stands astride two frontiers, the one geographical, the other of the mind, for he is surely the most extraordinary mixture of the medieval and the modern.

In the sixteenth-century "Painting in Europe" volume, Professor Venturi remarks upon Bosch's originality as a colourist in somewhat cryptic terms: "the first Nordic painter to achieve the colour-light synthesis," a phrase which, to my mind, requires translation into basic English for a book intended, not for specialists, but for the world at large—and very properly points out that he was too isolated a figure to be the founder of a school; one man, and one only, infused new life into his discoveries—Pieter Brueghel,

Leymarie—to return to the Dutch volume—says many good things, one or two of which I really must quote. Of Rembrandt, for example: "Caught in their most introspective moods, Rembrandt's models do not, like those of Hals and Rubens, communicate with the outside world, but give the beholder access to a private world of dreams, the most secret places of the human heart." Of his last self-portrait—"He turned for the last time, to scan his reflected self and record, without the least self-pity, the havoc time had wrought upon his features. And in that shadowed, deeply-lined face we have the summing up of a whole life dedicated to the service of art." This is a warmly emotional, not a coldly cerebral approach; I find it refreshing in a world in which we are invited so often to regard painting as

special journey to Amsterdam and returned the same evening to Paris without having looked at anything else in Holland. Here is another brief quotation which goes to the heart of the matter, this time about Vermeer. "The unbridgeable gulf between style and narration, between poetry and prose, is what separates Vermeer—a hummingbird among sparrows," as Friedländer describes him—from all his intimist contemporaries."

Lionello Venturi, in his survey of the sixteenth century as a whole, has unquestionably the more difficult task, partly because of the diffuse nature of his subject. His treatment is soundly academic, relieved by occasional *bons mots*—as, for instance, his remark that in "The Temptation of St. Anthony," Quentin Massys, in trying to emulate Bosch, painted something "like a garden party

that has taken an erotic turn. The women's figures, even the saint's, are gracious, winsome—and suggestive." In the final chapter, which many will perhaps find specially interesting because in it he deals with a host of comparatively little known painters before reaching a climax with El Greco, he finds himself—as we all do—faced by the neat category called "Mannerism," a term hallowed by long usage beloved of art historians, and which no one has ever succeeded in explaining in specific terms. He makes a gallant attempt—it is anti-classical, it substitutes an ideal of elegance for the representation of reality, its aim is not the imitation of nature but intellectual activity—and so forth. I don't know that this gets us very far, and after leading us to Rome and the pretty conceits of Fontainebleau, he persuades himself that El Greco is the supreme mannerist "at the same time creating a style of painting that was brilliantly original."

It seems a strangely roundabout way of arriving at an estimate of so extraordinary a genius, but in due course he leaves these esoteric arguments and has many perspicacious things to say about the paintings themselves. "In the early versions of 'Christ Driving the Money Changers from the Temple,' painted in Italy, forms are fully modelled, whereas in the later versions—that in the National Gallery, London, and that in the Church of San Gines, Madrid—they are sublimated into wraiths of light, and the rendering of space is reduced to symbolic indications of its existence." "El Greco was a superb portrait-painter, with a gift for probing into his model's soul and imprinting on the face what he discovered there," this in reference to "The Grand Inquisitor" (Metropolitan Museum, New



"THE HOLY KINSHIP, 1485-1490," BY GEERTGEN TOT SINT JANS (1460/65-1490/95): ONE OF THE MANY FINE COLOUR REPRODUCTIONS IN "DUTCH PAINTING," WHICH IS ONE OF THE TWO SKIRA BOOKS REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS. (Oil on panel; 54½ by 41½ ins.) (The Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.)

Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers.

merely a kind of deep-freeze geometrical exercise. This idea also I found stimulating, even though perhaps a trifle over-emphasized: that Rembrandt's true descendants were not his immediate followers, but Delacroix, Daumier, Goya and—surprisingly—Soutine, all of whom found a congenial source of inspiration in "The Flayed Ox" of the Louvre, which was bought in 1857 for only 5000 francs, owing to the alleged vulgarity of the subject. As for the "Jewish Bride" so-called—we saw it at Burlington House some years ago, if my memory is not at fault—Van Gogh set eyes on it and wrote of a "glimpse of a superhuman Infinite," and Soutine made a

York) and to the portraits of his friends in Toledo, where we are reminded, "the atmosphere of devout piety and mysticism then prevailing was just what was needed to bring his genius to flower." He concludes the book with these significant words:

"If modern art was to come into being, it was incumbent on the artist to come down to earth again and return to the study of the living body, trying to elicit from it the secret of a human personality, without surrendering to the enchantments of a visionary world." Velasquez was to provide an answer in Spain; and Rembrandt, as is so beautifully illustrated in the other book noticed here, in Holland.

* "Dutch Painting." Text by Jean Leymarie. With 114 reproductions in Full Colour. (Skira—distributed in this country by A. Zwemmer Ltd.; £8 8s.)

† "The 16th Century." Text by Lionello Venturi. With 152 reproductions in Full Colour. (Skira—distributed in this country by A. Zwemmer Ltd.; £9 9s.)

AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

PORTRAITS ACQUIRED DURING 1956.



"WELBORE ELLIS, 1ST BARON MENDIP, 1713-1802," BY K. A. HICKEL. LORD MENDIP WAS AN M.P. FOR FIFTY-TWO YEARS AND HELD A NUMBER OF MINOR GOVERNMENT OFFICES. (Oil on canvas; 24 by 20 ins.)



"ELEANOR GWYN, 1650-87," FROM THE STUDIO OF SIR PETER LELEY. THESE PORTRAITS HAVE ALL BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY DURING 1956. (Oil on canvas; 50 by 40 ins.)



"MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE WOOD, 1767-1831," BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST. HE COMMANDED THE ARTILLERY AT WATERLOO. (Oil on canvas; 25 by 20½ ins.)



"SIR MAX BEERBOHM, 1872-1956," BY SIR WILLIAM NICHOLSON. THIS PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED IN 1905. (Oil on canvas; 19½ by 15½ ins.)



"G. K. CHESTERTON, 1874-1936," A STUDY BY JAMES GUNN FOR HIS PAINTING OF CHESTERTON, BELLOC AND BARING. G. K. CHESTERTON CONTRIBUTED "OUR NOTE BOOK" FOR MANY YEARS. (Chalks on paper; 17½ by 13½ ins.)



"GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1685-1759," A FINE PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT COMPOSER BY T. HUDSON. (Oil on canvas; 94 by 57½ ins.)



"SIR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS ('ANTHONY HOPE'), 1863-1933," BY ALFRED WOLMARK. ANTHONY HOPE WAS THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA." (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25½ ins.)



"JAMES KEIR HARDIE, 1856-1915," BY SYLVIA PANKHURST. KEIR HARDIE WAS A FOUNDER OF THE LABOUR PARTY. (Chalks on paper; 22½ by 16½ ins.)



"VICE-ADMIRAL A. F. B. CARPENTER, V.C., 1881-1955," BY SIR ARTHUR S. COPE. HE COMMANDED H.M.S. VINDICTIVE AT ZEEBRUGGE, APRIL 23, 1918. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)

Each year the National Portrait Gallery, just off Trafalgar Square, holds a special exhibition of the portraits acquired during the previous twelve months. 1956 has been the Gallery's centenary year, and it has seen the addition of many interesting portraits to its collection. These were put on view to the public on December 26. Though it is the Gallery's

aim to acquire portraits rather because of the celebrity of the person represented than because of their merits as works of art, it is often happily possible to fulfil both these requirements. This is notably the case in the imposing Hudson portrait of Handel, which has been deposited with the Gallery on long loan by the Earl Howe. It was painted in 1756.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



YOUNG BARN-OWLS ON THE DEFENSIVE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

AS a very small boy, so I recall, I was in Suffolk standing looking at an ancient church set in the fields well away from the village. Someone nearby said: "Listen to the screech owls." Overhead small black birds were weaving to and fro across the evening sky, screeching as they went. Later, I was to learn these were swifts. Whether the speaker, whose words I have quoted, really thought these were screech owls, or whether there were real screech owls calling in the square church tower which missed my notice, is a question that cannot now be answered. At all events, for some years afterwards, swifts were screech owls to me.

During the intervening years, I have come to know better the screech owl, or barn-owl as it is more commonly known, and have seen it on a number of occasions. Usually it has been as a fleeting glimpse of a ghostly form at dusk passing just overhead and vanishing into the greying light beyond a high hedge, or illuminated for a brief moment in the headlights of a passing car. Thirty years ago, it was my habit to take a regular evening walk. Part of this took me along a straight road flanked on either side by arable land, with a solitary farmhouse half-way along the road. A decrepit, ivy-covered tree trunk stood in the garden, and there every evening I could expect to see a barn-owl perched. Not once did I see it in flight. There was another ivy-covered trunk in this same area, which was on the outskirts of London, and here frequently it was possible to see the pallid, motionless form of a barn-owl.

There have been many other occasions, of course. There was the derelict stable in Devon where, some years ago, we used to make pilgrimages just before dusk, to see the barn-owl fly out; or in broad daylight, to see it roosting high up in the angle of the walls. Then in Warwickshire, in a deserted church, all that could be seen were the pellets on the floor beneath its concealed roost, pellets having the characteristic look, as if varnished. In Northamptonshire, on another occasion, we watched a barn-owl quarter a field for the whole of one afternoon, while in Dorset, a year before, we had watched several in one valley, day after day, hunting throughout the hours of daylight. In this last place, barn-owls were so often seen by day that local naturalists wondered whether they were becoming diurnal.

The barn-owl is almost world-wide. One race of it, the white-breasted barn-owl, is the one found in Britain and also over Western Europe, from Belgium southwards, including some of the islands of the Mediterranean, in Asia Minor and North Africa and in the Azores and Canaries. In other parts of temperate Europe it is replaced by the dark-breasted barn-owl, extending also to Corsica and Sardinia, the eastern Canaries, Madeira and the Cape Verde Islands. Other races occur in Africa, India, the Australian region and in America. In Britain the range and habitat, and the habits, are much as indicated by my personal observations already given: roosting in barns and church towers, in ruined buildings and in decayed trees. The fact that this owl also roosts in clefts in cliffs and under sheltered banks, as well as in hollow trees, suggests these as the normal refuges prior to the appearance of human buildings.

The fact that the barn-owl has largely forsaken its wilder habitat to settle in buildings has

undoubtedly made it better-known to us. Even so its habits are such that making its closer acquaintance is no easy matter. Moreover, although generally distributed, it is, in fact, not common. The occasions on which I have seen barn-owls are, of course, more numerous than those I've mentioned, yet I have never been able to see one at very close quarters except in a zoo. As a consequence, I readily accepted an invitation to go and see a pair of young ones. When within a

much longer, and was followed by a second's pause for the intake of air before a further hiss occurred. Since on one occasion we were watching them at very close quarters—that is, at a distance of some 2 ft., for about an hour, and the hissing was virtually uninterrupted for that period, it would seem that they can keep it up more or less indefinitely.

The lungs of a bird are continued into a system of air-sacs, some of which are lodged in the larger bones. This makes for lightness of the body, contributing to the mechanics of flight. How far it contributes to an efficient breathing system is less certain. It used to be thought that with each inspiration, air taken into the lungs, passed into the air-sacs, and with the exhalation, the vitiated air from the lungs was expelled, the air from the air-sacs flowing in to yield its oxygen before in turn being exhaled. This idea of a double-action pump is now questioned. It might have explained why, during its hiss, the owl can exhale for so long a time compared with the length of time devoted to the inhalation, at the same time breathing efficiently. Outwardly, the movements associated with the hissing were twofold. Just before the commencement of a hiss, the whole front of the body, from the base of the throat downwards, would be drawn in. Immediately following this, the throat would be inflated, as if a reservoir of air had been driven into it from the lungs and air-sacs, there to be accumulated and later exhaled steadily through the nostrils.

The ability to hiss, so continuously and so vigorously, is doubtless very necessary for the survival of the young barn-owl. Although both parents help in feeding their brood, it must take each of them a considerable amount of hunting to supply their own needs and those of their off-spring. Watching them hunting in broad daylight shows that often much flying-time is needed for one kill. Therefore we may reasonably assume that the young barn-owls are left alone for long periods on end, and during this time there is always a risk of attack. The young owls I went to see, and which are shown on this page, were fully-fledged yet unable to fly. According to accumulated statistics, young barn-owls become fully fledged 60 to 64 days after hatching, but fly 64 to 86 days after hatching. For two months or more, therefore, they must be left for long periods by the parents without the means to escape from an enemy. Consequently, they must fight, if necessary, in their own defence.

The preliminary defence is bluff. This is the hissing. It does no harm to anyone, yet is distinctly menacing, and has a sinister sound, even when you are used to it. The hiss, as I have indicated, begins

when an intruder is several feet away, the intruder in this instance being myself. On a closer approach, the owlets crouch forward, still hissing, their eyes fixed on any approaching object, such as the human hand, and as they crouch, their heads sway ceaselessly and gently from side to side. Whatever may be the significance of this to the owl, the effect on the observer is slightly disconcerting. Should the intruder advance further, the owl draws itself up to its full height, leaning slightly backwards, and, finally, falls on to its back, legs in the air and talons buried in the flesh of whatever has come too close.



"THEY GREETED US WITH WHAT IS USUALLY DESCRIBED AS HISsing": TWO YOUNG BARN-OWLS WHICH WERE FULLY-FLEDGED YET UNABLE TO FLY. AS THE INTRUDER GOT NEAR THEM, THE OWLETS CROUCHED FORWARD, STILL HISsing, WITH THEIR EYES FIXED ON THE APPROACHING STRANGER.



ON THE DEFENSIVE: THE TWO BARN-OWLS WATCH THE INTRUDER'S EVERY MOVE. AFTER THE PRELIMINARY HISsing BLUFF, THE OWLET DRAWS ITSELF UP TO FULL HEIGHT AS THE STRANGER GETS NEARER, FINALLY FALLING ON ITS BACK AND FASTENING ITS TALONS INTO THE FLESH OF WHATEVER HAS COME TOO CLOSE.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

few feet of them, the two young owls greeted us with what is usually described as hissing. This word is used for so many animal sounds that it may be worth while trying to give a closer approximation. The sound made by the young barn-owls is like an escape of gas—that is, of gas escaping through a tiny aperture under pressure; and this is precisely what it is, except that there are two apertures, the nostrils. To all appearances, the hissing is continuous, but taking more careful note it was found to have this pattern. The expulsion of air through the nostrils, the hiss proper, lasted not less than three to four seconds, sometimes

ONE OF THE UGLIEST BEINGS ALIVE: THE STRANGE GALAPAGOS BAT-FISH.



A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE UGLIEST CREATURES IN EXISTENCE: A NEWLY-DISCOVERED BAT-FISH FROM THE WATERS OFF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS. THE STRANGE SNOUT-LIKE PROTUBERANCE IS, STRANGELY ENOUGH, A LURE TO ATTRACT THE FISH'S VICTIMS TO THEIR DEATH.



THE BAT-FISH TURNED OVER TO SHOW THE UNDERSIDE AND THE PALE PECTORAL FINS, STRETCHED OUT, RATHER DESPAIRINGLY, LIKE ARMS.

THE BAT-FISH FROM ABOVE. THE CURIOUS FROG-LIKE "LEGS" ARE THE PELVIC FINS, WHICH, REPORTEDLY, ARE USED IN "WALKING" ON THE SEA-BED.

THIS grotesque little fish, which must be a favoured entrant in any contest for the title of Ugliest Denizen of the Deep, was captured some months ago by a fisherman from Panama, fishing off Albemarle Island, in the Galapagos Islands; and was photographed by Mr. Philip R. Houghton (by whose courtesy these photographs are reproduced). It has since been identified as a species of *Ogcocephalus* (i.e., "bulging head"), new to science and only the second species of this family to be found in Pacific waters. The majority of the *Ogcocephalidae* are found in West Indian waters, perhaps the best-known being *Ogcocephalus vespertilio* (i.e., "the bat"). The characteristic of the family is the extraordinary development of the fins and also the repellent "snout," on the inner side of which are two light-coloured knobs, which serve as lures and are a development of the end of the spine. The pectoral and pelvic fins are not, to the layman, unlike those which have earned for the coelacanth the popular name of "Old Four Legs."

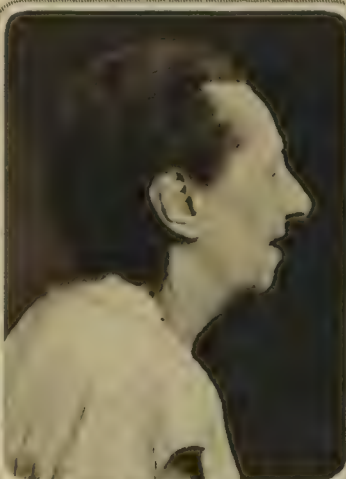


NO BEAUTY EVEN SO, BUT LOOKING SOMEWHAT MORE LIKE A FISH THAN IN THE PRECEDING PHOTOGRAPHS: THE GALAPAGOS BAT-FISH. THIS SPECIMEN WAS 7 INS. LONG.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A FORMER KEEPER AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM DIES: MR. W. EDWARDS. Mr. W. N. Edwards, formerly Keeper of Geology in the British Museum (Natural History), died at Hitchin at the age of sixty-six on December 17. In 1938 he became Keeper of Geology at the British Museum, in succession to Dr. W. D. Lang, retiring in 1955, and from 1939-44 was Secretary of the Geological Society.



SCULPTRESS, PAINTER AND AUTHOR: THE LATE MISS NINA HAMNETT. Miss Nina Hamnett, the artist, died in hospital on December 16 after an accidental fall from the window of her flat three days earlier. Miss Hamnett, who was sixty-six, was educated at the Royal School, Bath, and studied art in Dublin, London and Paris. She published two books of reminiscences, the first, "Laughing Torso," in 1932.



A GREAT NEWSPAPERMAN DIES: SIR ANDREW CAIRD. Sir Andrew Caird, who was Managing Director of the *Daily Mail* from 1922-26 under Lord Northcliffe, died at his home in London at the age of eighty-six on December 15. Chiefly concerned with newspaper finance, he was a powerful figure in Fleet Street. He was Administrator, New York headquarters, British War Mission to U.S.A., in 1917-18.



THE NEW MEMBER FOR MELTON MOWBRAY: MISS MERVYN PIKE. In the Melton Mowbray by-election, held following the resignation of Mr. Nutting, Miss Pike, the Conservative candidate, was elected with a majority of 2362, a reduction in the Conservative majority of 8418. The polling figures were announced on Dec. 20. About 57 per cent. of voters went to the polls against about 81 per cent. at the General Election.



A LORD-IN-WAITING TO THE QUEEN: THE LATE LORD ALLENDALE. Viscount Allendale, Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen and Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland until his recent retirement, died at the age of sixty-six on December 16. He served with distinction in the Army in the First World War and had a great interest in art, inheriting his family's fine collection.



LEAVING IN A GOLF-CART FOR A GAME OF GOLF AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA: MR. ST. LAURENT, CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER (LEFT), WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER. On December 11 Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, played a game of golf at Augusta, Georgia, with President Eisenhower. Mr. St. Laurent was visiting the President while returning from a holiday in Florida. Although the visit was described as social, it was thought that North American defence and economic matters, and North Atlantic alliance topics were probably discussed.



TWENTY ON CHRISTMAS DAY: A BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT. Christmas Day was a double celebration for Princess Alexandra. It was her twentieth birthday and, together with her mother and Prince Michael, she was to be at Sandringham with the Royal family.



SAYING FAREWELL, AFTER ENTERTAINING THE PRIME MINISTER AND LADY EDEN TO LUNCH, AT HIS HOME IN HYDE PARK GATE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL. On December 19 Sir Winston and Lady Churchill entertained the Prime Minister and Lady Eden to lunch at Sir Winston's house in Hyde Park Gate. Sir Anthony Eden, who had just left a Cabinet meeting which lasted about an hour, arrived back by air at London Airport from his enforced three-week holiday in Jamaica on December 14. He returned to the House of Commons on December 17.



KILLED IN PORT SAID: MAJOR D. PINKERTON, ROYAL SCOTS. Early on December 16 Major Pinkerton, of the Royal Scots, was mortally wounded during a battle with Egyptian commandos in Port Said. Following the engagement and other clashes, British troops withdrew from the Arab quarter of Port Said to a position bordering the waterfront to await the final withdrawal.



A PROMINENT FIGURE IN SYRIA: COLONEL SARRAJ OF THE SYRIAN ARMY. The above portrait of Colonel Sarraj is reproduced in our issue this week as that reproduced in our last issue, although taken from the best print available, was not satisfactory. As already reported, Colonel Sarraj is said to be a virtual dictator in Syria, although there is said to be considerable opposition to him. An Iraq newspaper claimed he was responsible for the recent destruction of Syrian oil pipelines.



TO RETIRE: MR. CENTLIVRES, CHIEF JUSTICE OF SOUTH AFRICA. Mr. Albert van de S. Centlivres, the Chief Justice of South Africa since 1950, will officially retire on his seventieth birthday on January 13. Mr. Centlivres has been a judge since 1935 and a judge of appeal since 1939. During his term as Chief Justice he presided over the three big constitutional cases: the Separate Representation of Voters case, the High Court of Parliament case, and the Senate Act case.



NEW L.C.C. CHAIRMAN: MR. RONALD MCKINNON WOOD. Mr. Ronald McKinnon Wood is to be Chairman of London County Council for 1957-58, it was announced on December 18. Mr. McKinnon Wood is head of a ship provisioning firm and will be the first L.C.C. Chairman whose father also held the office. Mr. McKinnon Wood was chairman of the education committee from 1950 to 1955.

CHRISTMAS IN THE LONDON THEATRE: A FEW OF THE SEASONABLE SHOWS.



WITH ITS ACTORS ON SKATES AND THE HORSES ON CASTORS: CINDERELLA DRIVES TO THE BALL IN "CINDERELLA ON ICE" AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY.



IN FULL CRY AT THE EMPIRE POOL: THE HUNTSMEN AND THE HOUNDS IN THE HUNTING SCENE IN "CINDERELLA ON ICE," WHICH OPENED ON DECEMBER 20.



NORMAN WISDOM AS ALADDIN IN "THE WONDERFUL LAMP," THE PANTOMIME WHICH WAS DUE TO OPEN AT THE PALLADIUM ON DECEMBER 22.



PRINCIPALS IN "CINDERELLA ON ICE": (LEFT) SHEILA HAMILTON AS PRINCE CHARMING; AND GLORIA NORD AS CINDERELLA—IN WEDDING SCENE COSTUMES.



THIS YEAR'S PETER PAN—AND ONE OF THE YOUNGEST TO PLAY THE ROLE: JANETTE SCOTT PRACTISING HER "FLIGHT."



IN TOM ARNOLD'S TENTH FESTIVAL CIRCUS AT HARRINGAY ARENA: KARAH KHAVAK, FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA, "THE WORLD'S FOREMOST CROCODILE HYPNOTISER."



IN ENID BLYTON'S "THE FAMOUS FIVE": (ABOVE, L. TO R.) GORDON GARDNER (JULIAN); GRAZYNA FRAME (ANNE); (BELOW) MICHAEL MAGUIRE (DICK); TIMMY, AND PAT GARWOOD (GEORGINA).

We show here a few of the many Christmas shows which had opened or were shortly due to open at the date of writing, in London. Elsewhere we illustrate the Bertram Mills Circus and the pantomime "Dick Whittington" at the Palace Theatre. There is pantomime also at the Palladium, "The Wonderful Lamp"; and ice-pantomime "Cinderella" at the Empire Pool, Wembley. Miss Enid Blyton's successful reign continues and her play for children "The Famous Five" is being revived at the Hippodrome, for matinées only; and

the perhaps even more popular "Noddy in Toyland," also for matinées only, at the Stoll. "Where the Rainbow Ends" is at the Coliseum for matinées; "The Marvellous History of Puss in Boots" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and "The Princess and the Swineherd," by the same author (Nicholas Stuart Gray), for matinées at the Arts. Two other Christmas entertainments are: "Family Fun" (matinées) at the Adelphi; and "Billy Cotton and Archie Andrews' Christmas Show" at the Prince of Wales.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

JUNIOR IDOLS.

By PETER FORSTER.



CHRISTMAS being so much the children's season, the film industry plays its part by offering a wide selection of puerilities. One such is "Love Me Tender," which gives us a first chance to inspect Mr. Elvis Presley, a new singer of folk-songs who in a very short time has become one of the idols of the American young.

Mr. Presley is a big, bulky young man, with a heavy, rather pretty face, sulky mouth, long hair, and side-whiskers which would have made Lord Dundreary shave for shame. He looks as one would imagine a cowboy version of an Angry Young Man. His singing voice is an unremarkable baritone; what is remarkable, and presumably the key to his success, is his manner of delivery, a form of frenetic pelvic gyration which has to be seen to be fully detested. Indeed, the lower half of Mr. Presley's body would appear to be on independent springing. This effect as practised by Miss Marilyn Monroe is not without its appeal (that, come to consider it, is one of the understatements of the year), but I do not think Mr. Presley will lure me into a cinema again.

The film itself is an odd hybrid, because Mr. Presley's peculiar talents have been injected piecemeal and pointlessly into what would otherwise have been a respectable enough little Western—or neo-Western, to use the cinematic purists' favourite prefix. Set at the end of the American Civil War, it has Mr. Richard Egan returning to his homestead only to find himself presumed dead, and his fiancée married to his younger brother, played by Mr. Presley. The marital complications are matched by attempts on the part of the law to extort from Mr. Egan money he came by in the course of his wartime duties. There is plenty of riding and shooting and train-jumping in the regulation manner, until Mr. Presley inadvertently stops a bullet and provides the most splendidly bathetic ending in many a day, by hovering celestially in the top right-hand corner of the screen, and crooning his theme song while his family below attend his funeral.

A hill-billy hero very much better known over here at the moment is Davy Crockett, whose coonskin cap and tassellated jerkin have been so widely

as played by Mr. Fess Parker, is a laconic incarnation of Boy Scout virtues; he is always prepared, sharp-eyed, resourceful, kind and honest, and when he fights, he fights fair. I am one of those who hold the view that the cinema has much to answer for in perverting the tastes and characters of the young, through gangster films and the like, but I can see little harm in sending a normal small boy

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



COLE PORTER, WHO WROTE THE SCORE FOR M.G.M.'S MUSICAL, "HIGH SOCIETY."

In making his choice, Peter Forster writes: "Cole Porter's score for 'High Society' is the first he has written for a film in more than ten years, and it is the best part of 'High Society.' We may surely marvel that some forty years after he composed the score for 'See America First' in 1916, he can still turn up with at least five new numbers so fresh and sparkling. Only Noël Coward long ago has been an equally inventive and witty lyric-writer, or an equally sophisticated tunesmith. Cole Porter's talent is insouciant (despite much ill health), yet it is also intensely professional, as witness the way in the current film he is able to provide characteristic songs for such diverse singers as Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, and Louis Armstrong."

Fink. This large character is an enormous asset to the film. As played by Jeff Yorke he is a cross between Popeye and Ancient Pistol, and when, after Davy has inevitably avoided last-minute disaster to win the race, the two former enemies join forces to thwart a gang of rascally river pirates—well, what better reward could anybody want for passing his eleven-plus?

The season's big screen musical, "High Society," features two crooners who have long been idols of the young, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. The story turns on that sense of class-consciousness upon which democratic America seems to dote. Mr. Crosby is a millionaire songwriter, whose former wife, played by Miss Grace Kelly, is about to wed Mr. John Lund, who has the advantage in her eyes of being a self-made man, although in the making he left out a sense of humour. Mr. Crosby is determined to prevent the wedding, to which Mr. Sinatra is invited as a reporter, in company with Miss Celeste Holm. Does this sound complicated? It is simplicity itself compared with the full ramifications of the film; the interested may care to note that it is based on the old non-musical Katharine Hepburn-Cary Grant-James Stewart success, "Philadelphia Story." More to the present point is the fact that, despite a certain slowness of tempo, "High Society" makes a diverting and more than passably witty musical, with Miss Holm given the best lines and making the most of them in her own cool, crisp way.

Mr. Crosby has the best of the excellent Cole Porter songs, and sings them with that casualness of which he, more than any other performer, has the secret. Mr. Crosby is on record as saying recently that he marvelled that he should have gone so far in the world, and for so long, on the strength of a talent "so slender as to be almost opaque"; which is charmingly and (from what one knows about him) characteristically modest. But the gift for giving pleasure is not to be despised, and to this it may be added that since the *gaucherie* of his crooning youth, Mr. Crosby has matured into a light comedian of considerable skill, especially when matched with the exuberance of



"THE STORY TURNS ON THAT SENSE OF CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS UPON WHICH DEMOCRATIC AMERICA SEEMS TO DOTE": "HIGH SOCIETY"—A SHOT SHOWING (L. TO R.) TRACY LORD (GRACE KELLY), DEXTER-HAVEN (BING CROSBY), MIKE CONNOR (FRANK SINATRA) AND LIZ IMBRIE (CELESTE HOLM). (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, DECEMBER 13.)

reproduced as what the French would call "souvenirs folkloristiques." There is also, of course, that ballad which nobody with a radio and eardrums could avoid last year, and which I believe already has a sequel currently to be heard by the name of "Davy Crockett's helping Santa Claus." This I would have thought the ultimate in Tin Pan Alley's ability to exploit all possible genres, were it not that I am reliably assured there was a ditty in the 1920's entitled something to the effect that "God needed an Angel in Heaven, so He took Caruso away."

To each generation its favourite folk heroes, and I am by no means antagonistic towards Davy Crockett. Better him than Rommel, who a few years ago seemed on the verge of becoming sanctified in legend as a Robin Hood of the Desert. Crockett,

to see Davy Crockett; this is a healthy enough hero. How little girls would react I cannot guess, there being no girls, not even Girl Guides, in the world of Davy Crockett.

Moreover, Walt Disney, who produced both the earlier film and the new "Davy Crockett and the River Pirates," bangs this sort of thing across with a disarming gusto. Mr. Disney is not for nothing the greatest creator of cartoons, and he sees to it that characters are created and played with a cartoonist's concentration on the most prominent, essential details. There is no subtlety, but then

subtlety is not the aim.

In this adventure, the gallant Davy and his faithful henchman, George, are travelling down the Mississippi to sell their furs, when their boat gets involved in a race with another named the "Gullywhumper" (what boy could resist a race with a boat named "Gullywhumper"?), owned by the self-styled "King of the River," one Mike



"DAVY CROCKETT AND THE RIVER PIRATES"—THE HERO (PLAYED BY FESS PARKER), IN THE FAMOUS COON-SKIN CAP, MEETS MIKE FINK (JEFF YORKE; LEFT), A LARGE CHARACTER WHO IS "AN ENORMOUS ASSET TO THE FILM." THIS FILM, WHICH IS PRODUCED BY WALT DISNEY, RECOUNTS THE ADVENTURES MET BY DAVY CROCKETT WHEN SAILING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI TO SELL HIS FURS. (LONDON PREMIERE: STUDIO ONE, DECEMBER 20.)

Mr. Hope. His present foil has followed a not dissimilar progress, but Mr. Sinatra's style is also too casual to provide a really satisfactory catalyst. Still, the new partnership is engaging enough, and Mr. Sinatra has a song and a half with which to display to its best effect his unique starveling moan.

In this, her last, film Grace Kelly showed signs of becoming a comedienne of distinct cool charm; we regret Monaco's gain. And also that this is a last opportunity to see that fine actor, the late Louis Calhern, who has one superb moment here when, recovering from an excess of champagne, he fixes a chirpy song-bird with an outraged, bleary eye and the sonorous command: "Shut up, you fool!"

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"CHECKPOINT" (General Release; January 14).—Anthony Steel, James Robertson Justice and Odile Versois in a crime melodrama set against the Mille Miglia car race in Italy.

"GODZILLA" (London Pavilion until December 28; General Release not fixed).—A piece of Japanese science-horror fiction about a prehistoric monster revived by H-bomb tests.

ALL THE THRILLS OF THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA.



GRACE AND BEAUTY ON THE TIGHT WIRE: THE SISTERS TONITA AND LILL IN THEIR EXCITING ACT AT BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS.



THE LADY IN THE LIONS' DEN: LYDIA AND HER LIONS IN AN ELEGANT DISPLAY BY THE ANIMALS AND THEIR TAMER.



A DOG WITH A DIFFERENCE: ONE OF MALTA AND FERNANDO'S REMARKABLE COMEDIAN DOGS IN THEIR MOST HUMOROUS ACT.



ME AND MY DOG: A FASHIONABLE YOUNG "LADY" ABOUT TOWN TAKES HER POODLE FOR A WALK.



"JOLLY FINE CAR, THAT!": A CANINE CARICATURE BY ANOTHER OF MALTA AND FERNANDO'S GIFTED PERFORMERS.



ON TOP OF THE ELEPHANTS. JOAN AT THE CLIMAX OF HER ACT WITH BERTRAM MILLS FOUR BABY ELEPHANTS.



HEADS OR TAILS?: MERIBETH OLD—ACROBAT AND CONTORTIONIST—TURNING A REMARKABLE SOMERSAULT ON A TABLE.



BALANCING ON A BICYCLE: THE TWO BEELOOS, FROM HOLLAND, IN THEIR SPECTACULAR ACT ON A BICYCLE HIGH UP ABOVE THE RING.

Nineteen nationalities are represented among the performers in this year's Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia, which continues until February 2. An exceptional feature of this circus is the predominance of the women performers. They are represented in fifteen of the acts, and in five they have the limelight to themselves. Two of them—Tonita and Lill—share a most graceful performance on the tight wire, while another, Malikova, gives a

confident and spectacular display on the high wire—35 ft. above the ring. The Two Beeloes—a brother and sister act from Holland—demonstrate the finer points of the art of balancing, on a bicycle set up on a small pedestal. An animal act with a difference is that given by Malta and Fernando's troupe of Comedian Dogs. With great canine ingenuity these witty performers portray a medley of familiar human characters.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

"QUICK, THY TABLETS!"

By J. C. TREWIN.

"ERE the parting hour go by, Quick, thy tablets, Memory!" I have always said that it must be a very poor night in the theatre that does not leave some impression upon the memory. A few days ago, in running through the year's plays, I found only half a dozen titles that meant nothing at all, occasions—so it seemed—when the slate had been rubbed clean. Even the worst of the other productions offered their memories, something to add to the elaborate mosaic of theatrical experience: the continuous pattern that is a playgoer's joy, a pattern containing signs that, to his instructed eye, form the index to his programme-files. At that word the voice of another poet starts up: "You must hack through much deposit ere you know for sure who was it Came to burial with such honour in the Files."

The genuine playgoer does not need to hack and hew. Something in the mosaic-index of his memory will tell him; often it is not what he had felt, on the first night, would linger. I could not have believed, twenty years ago, that my clue to a certain revival of "The Merchant of Venice" would be a scene inside Antonio's house: I had not been there before and have never been since. Antonio, Gratiano, Bassanio, and the "Sals" perilously waved glasses on which wine had been painted, so that brimmers remained miraculously full at any angle. A trivial memory; but it does restore the occasion. I have hopes that the current Old Vic revival of "The Merchant of Venice" will keep a firmer hold on the mind.

Barbara Jefford will hold it for me. She is a Portia who bears herself proudly—her carriage is a lesson to any actress—and who listens to every word that is spoken in her presence. That is something to be remarked: I have known actresses in this part whose eyes begin to glaze, the too-familiar dialogue lulling them as if it were the sound of a quiet river in June. But the lady's not for lulling. Portia, whether or not the "enchanted princess" she ought to be—in Granville-Barker's words—has a quick, eager mind: she feels deeply. Miss Jefford feels: watch her face while the suitors move past the caskets—these are now borne, strangely, by houris in yashmaks—and, later, as the "young doctor of Rome" observes the atmosphere of that court of Venice and prepares to strike at the too-confident Jew. I shall remember this Portia's aspect. I am not likely to think of her, say five years on, only for the moment when (to our surprise) she speaks "Tell me where is fancy bred?" to the reflecting Bassanio. True, that is a useful idea. Michael Benthall persuades one that Portia might very well do this, even though it is not so nominated in the bond.

I am less happy about another moment in the production: Shylock's return to his empty house, and, presently, his rush from it with a cry of "Jessica!" It is a matter of history how impressive Irving made his return. Laurence Irving, in the definitive life of his grandfather, speaks of it:

Shylock was seen returning over the bridge. He crossed to his house and, unsuspecting, knocked upon the door. A second and a third knock echoed through the empty house. The curtain fell again as, without word or outward sign, Irving conveyed to the audience Shylock's crushing realisation of his daughter's perfidy.

The key-phrase there is "Without word or outward sign." This return has been unwisely elaborated. Tree knocked again and again, cried "Jessica!", entered the house, rushed from room to room—seen through lattice-work and open windows—emerged in a paroxysm, and collapsed at the sight of Lorenzo and Jessica in a distant gondola. Robert Helpmann now, at the Vic, has the entry, the return, and the cry, though he omits paroxysm and collapse, and we do not see him rushing through the house. But, if

Shylock must return, it is far better to do as Irving did: the rest is fuss that reduces Shylock's stature.

The difficulty with Mr. Helpmann's Shylock is that, though it is planned on the right scale, the actor insists on doing too much, letting us see the precise calculation of his theatrical effects.



AT THE VICTORIA PALACE: THE CRAZY GANG IN A SCENE FROM THEIR CURRENT REVUE, "THESE FOOLISH THINGS," WITH (L. TO R.) PAPA (TEDDY KNOX), PARSON (BUD FLANAGAN), BUTLER (EDDIE GRAY), GRANNIE (JIMMY GOLD), AND (FOREGROUND) MAMA (JIMMY NERVO) AND BABY (CHARLIE NAUGHTON).



"A COMEDY FROM THE OVEN-HEAT OF THE RESTORATION": WYCHERLEY'S "THE COUNTRY WIFE" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH MR. PINCHWIFE (GEORGE DEVINE) LOOKS WITH INCREDULITY AT THE ORANGE HIS COUNTRY WIFE (JOAN PLOWRIGHT) SWEARS IS THE ONLY GIFT SHE RECEIVED FROM THE GALLANT. LOOKING ON, ALITHEA (MAUREEN QUINNEY—LEFT) AND LUCY (JILL SHOWELL).

Usually we think less of Shylock than of a splendidly-equipped player who acts at full tilt. His exit from the court is finely-planned as he moves down the steps, facing the audience, a

towering figure able to dominate in defeat; yet it could be so much finer if we were not conscious of the actor as well as Shylock. I wonder how much I shall recall?

Little else may remain except David Dodi-mead's Antonio. He can stay a personage, as few Antonios can, during the last ring-time under the Belmont moon. For once I do not want to question either Portia or Antonio when she says: "You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter." It is enough that she has given to Antonio life and living: we know that the play, like those three argosies, has come richly into harbour. The production is Michael Benthall's best this season. Its rhythms are unforced; and Loudon Sainthill has established Venice and Belmont for us in a world that seems rapt in its haze and sheens, its own pocket of time.

The décor is what I am likely to remember from the English Stage Company's revival of "The Country Wife" (Royal Court). Motley has set this least elegant of plays with a studied and economical elegance that takes the eye even if it is a little chilling for the piece. Not, I suppose, that much could chill Wycherley's airless comedy. Here is a play without an open window, a comedy from the oven-heat of the Restoration. Curiously, its personages do not wilt. Although the plot is drearily single-minded, we have to acknowledge the dramatist's energy, his merry-go-round in a boathouse. Sometimes, at the Royal Court, it is not so much merry as hard-working; but we appreciate the style of Laurence Harvey and John Moffatt, Diana Churchill's neat Lady Fidget will grow, and there is a dear little hoyden in Joan

Plowright, with a Northern accent (the printed text says Hampshire) that impels us to feel she will be singing at any moment of the biggest aspidistra in the world. Collectors will relish the evening, though it is most certainly not for the Young Persons on a Christmas holiday, and though—in the matter of wit—I must agree with one of Wycherley's editors that the dialogue flickers when compared with Congreve's blaze.

I shall not need to fumble for my tablets to recall Alec Clunes and Denholm Elliott in Leo Lehman's "Who Cares?" (Fortune). Mr. Clunes, one of our most sensitive actors, is here a gentle, benevolent, civilised ostrich of a don (red-brick University). Ostrich, because his head has long been in the sand. In too-tranquil contemplation he has never realised what the terrors of a European slave-state can be. Then the son of a European colleague—the father dead in captivity, the son safe after perilous escape—shows to him what such words as suffering and freedom really mean. Denholm Elliott is, most truthfully, the bitter young refugee, nerves like strung-wire. Mr. Lehman's play, often honed to uncommon sharpness of debate, goes blunt when it reaches the two women in the piece, the Professor's second wife and her stepdaughter; but elsewhere we recognise gratefully a new mind in the theatre.

Basil Dean, most happily back to production, presents the play and directs it.

Already I begin to lose my fourth play of the week, a farce, "Mrs. Gibbons' Boys" (Westminster). Will Glickman and Joseph Stein laugh at the great American mother-legend. The fact that two of her sons are convicts, and the youngest will certainly be "inside" before long, does not worry Mrs. Gibbons at all: boys do get into mischief. None could be more happily welcoming than she is when the convicts break gaol with a friend (a redoubtable thug called "Horse"). The farce rests on Mom's maternal solicitude in the middle of a raging, if repetitive, tornado of incident. Though details of the tornado are already fading, Avice Landone's proud affection as she gazes at what looks like a room full of young gorillas, is blessedly unclouded. Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN" (Arts).—The famous Tom Taylor melodrama, with Hawkshaw, the detective. (December 20.)
- "THE FAMOUS FIVE" (Hippodrome).—Enid Blyton's play, revived for matinées. (December 20.)
- "PETER PAN" (Scala).—Janette Scott as Peter. (December 21.)
- "THE WONDERFUL LAMP" (Palladium).—Norman Wisdom as Aladdin. (December 22.)
- "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Stoll).—Another Blyton play for matinées. (December 22.)
- "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Coliseum).—Matinées; with Markova and Anton Dolin. (December 24.)
- "THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS" (Lyric, Hammer-smith).—The return of Nicholas Stuart Gray's fantasy. (December 24.)
- "BILLY COTTON AND ARCHIE ANDREWS CHRISTMAS SHOW" (Prince of Wales).—For a limited season (December 24.)
- "TOAD OF TOAD HALL" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Patrick Wymark as Toad in the Milne-Grahame play. (December 24.)
- "THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD" (Arts).—Nicholas Stuart Gray's play at matinées. (December 26.)

A POPULAR
PANTOMIME IN
LONDON: "DICK
WHITTINGTON
AND HIS CAT"
AT THE PALACE
THEATRE.

(Right.) DICK WHITTINGTON'S DREAM: A GRACEFUL SCENE IN EMILE LITTLE'S "DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT."



KING RAT (ROY PANNELL) JUMPS OVER SARAH, THE COOK (ERNEST ARNLEY): A SCENE FROM "DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT."



A SMILE FROM DICK WHITTINGTON (BERYL STEVENS), IDLE JACK (GEORGE FORMBY), AND TOMMY, THE CAT (JEANNE CRAIG).



IN THE EMPEROR'S PALACE: IDLE JACK (GEORGE FORMBY) ENTERTAINS TWO OF THE PALACE GIRLS WITH A SONG.

FOR his fourteenth London Pantomime production, Mr. Emile Littler has selected the ever-popular story of "Dick Whittington and His Cat." Starring George Formby—in his first appearance in West End pantomime—this opened at the Palace Theatre on Dec. 19 and continues until Feb. 16. A special performance on Dec. 18, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, was attended by the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, who were taken to the theatre by the Queen and Princess

(Continued opposite.)

(Right.) DICK WHITTINGTON COMES TO LONDON: THE OPENING SCENE OF THIS ENTERTAINING PANTOMIME AT THE PALACE THEATRE.



(Continued.) Margaret. Doris Zinkeisen has designed the costumes for this colourful production, while Edward Delany is responsible for the scenery. The story of one of London's most famous characters is unfolded with all the traditional pantomime touches in this production of "Dick Whittington." One unusual feature is that Dick's faithful cat Tommy is played by a woman—Jeanne Craig—and not, as is normal, by a man. Miss Craig herself made her skin costume, in which she plays her endearing rôle. Dick is stylishly played by Beryl Stevens, while most of the humour is ably provided by George Formby and Ernest Arnley.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

It makes one very uneasy when the "most ambitious book" of a highly gifted and agreeable writer seems to be going wrong. At first I had this uneasiness about "The Strange Enchantment," by Geoffrey Catterell (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.)—and even to some extent at last. It is a long, very substantial novel—a kind of "Old Wives' Tale" in modern dress. In 1898 the two sisters, Isabel and Sarah Rowland, are little girls—daughters of an autocratic go-getting mill-manager in an English seaport town. Sarah is blithely kittenish and adaptable: while Isabel has intense feelings, a poker face, and no self-confidence. However, she has a Gift; at four years old she is discovered to be a musician, perhaps a child prodigy. Such things are beyond the Rowlands' ken, and her delightful but timid mother finds them upsetting. It is different with Charles Rowland; he expects his children to shine, and from his point of view Isabel not only may but must have a brilliant career. Later on she will go to the Academy; meanwhile, she has a perfect excuse for not "mixing."

But before the end of her schooldays, Charles Rowland is killed, the family are left poor, and what they have is sacred to the boy Denny and his future. Mrs. Rowland takes his priority for granted. Isabel submits with despair, but almost without a word. For to succeed now, she would have to push herself and grab every chance. That would have been Sarah's instinct; Isabel's is to extract a bitter pleasure from her reverses, and from the ignominy of becoming a grill-room pianist. During the First War she marries a Naval officer for love. He is killed almost at once—on the day of her sister's marriage to an unglamorous but rising accountant. Time passes, and at twenty-seven she could make a fresh start. Only instead she falls in love with a visiting German and is swallowed up in Berlin—the Paris of this "Old Wives' Tale." Fourteen years go by, while in England Isabel is presumed happy, but never seen. And then comes the last episode: at least a third of the story, with a new protagonist and largely a new subject. It is 1936; and Isabel's nephew, seventeen-year-old David Proctor, has arrived in Berlin to study German, embark on Life, and tell the Nazis where they get off. . . .

This is a dazzling finish. But the material is all sound; as always, the writer shows himself good at people, first-rate at environments, and sympathetic to boot. Only in this case the ingredients have swamped the theme (Isabel's defeatism) without managing to replace it.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Tontine," by Thomas B. Costain (Collins; 21s.), would do for Brobdingnag. So one's hopes of it are not large; it would be too much to expect that a novel which is, or seems to be, about twice the length of "War and Peace" should also be "War and Peace." And in fact the narrative is all surface. It starts with the battle of Waterloo, viewed from the London Stock Exchange, and with the Great Waterloo Tontine. Samuel Carboy, of Grace and Carboy, enters his two children, Alfred and Isabelle; Mr. Grace enters his son; and Samuel's coachman is presumptuous enough to enter his daughter (Alfred's first love). Thus we are assured of an immense vista; for, of course, one of them is going to win. As it turns out, three of them do. Also, of course, the Tontine has to be dormant for long stretches. These are filled up with the industrial revolution and the Reform Acts, Samuel Carboy's empire, the adventures of the "tall young men" in the West Indies and Americas, Isabelle's matrimonial career, and other love-affairs. And so on. Yes, it is all surface; the astonishing thing is that the surface should be so vast and lively, and to the very end so untentious.

"The Engagement," by Edith de Born (Chapman and Hall; 13s. 6d.), is in extreme contrast. First of all, it is permeated with quiet distinction. Secondly, it has the slightest action imaginable; and that so quiet and temperate that it may be thought drab. Basil Bolton, a civil servant, lives with his mother, and has reached the fag-end of a disheartening liaison. On holiday in Italy, he meets a Frenchwoman with precisely the same background: except that Nicole's mother is a cripple, and more aggressive than his. They fall in love. There are certain financial problems—but they are got over. The French household has an eccentric individualism; but on the whole, you must enjoy the very delicate, unobtrusive bouquet or remain baffled.

"Death at Flight," by Colin Willock (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), starts with an East Coast wildfowler stalking pinkfoot geese. He thinks he has killed one of them, makes after the floating "body," and grabs at a stone-cold human hand. . . . Then enter Nathaniel Goss the magazine-publisher. He has come down to shoot, and brought his efficient secretary and a young photographer to get a wildfowling story. And what a story: Pilney Island cut off by snow, the telephone lines cut, a lethal "blunder" over the Tide Tables, sinister doings and suspect figures all round. . . . Very well written, continuous yet never teasing suspense, and a unique background brilliantly put across.

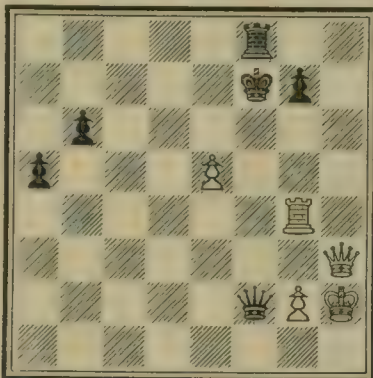
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CAN YOU find the next move—a winning move—in each of these diagrammed positions from the recent international team tournament?

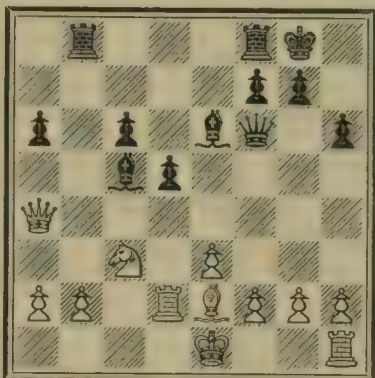
A keener question: would you have seen it? There is a world of difference!

Zita (Czechoslovakia), Black.



Stahlberg (Sweden), White, to play.

Platz (Eastern Germany), Black, to play.



Boey (Belgium), White.

The answers:

First diagram: 1. P-K6ch! Black now rejected:

1. . . . K×P because of 2. R-KB4dis ch, etc.;

1. . . . K-Kt1 because of 2. R-KR4;

1. . . . K-B3 because of 2. Q-QB3ch, which forces Black's king out into the open board; you can enjoy working out his various dooms—it is easier to exploit than to create such a situation!

He played 1. . . . K-K2 and lost by 2. R×Pch, K-Q3; 3. Q-Q3ch, K-B3; 4. Q-K4ch, K-Kt4; 5. R-Kt5ch, K-R3; 6. Q-QB4ch. . . .

Second diagram: 1. . . . R×P! 2. R×R (what else?), 2. . . . Q×Ktch; 3. R-Q2, B-QKt5; 4. Q-Q1 (all White's moves are forced), P-Q5! White resigns.

Why? More through his own impotence than Black's threats. To castle at once would lose his rook for nothing, leaving him a piece down. To engineer castling or even a king's move, would consume more time than Black requires for his rook and "spare" bishop to come into play and administer the coup de grâce. E.g., 5. B×P, P×P; 6. P×P, Q×Pch; 7. B-K2, R-Q1!, etc. The quiet follow-up 4. . . . P-Q5 makes the sacrifice very attractive.

OVERCOMING DISABILITY; THE HORSE; PUBLISHING AND CRIME.

It was one of those days when every little thing seemed to go wrong. I was comforting myself with the late Sir Ronald Storrs' dictum (after he had crossed the Arabian desert in World War I, had survived incredible dangers and hardships, and arrived at Jeddah, only to find his six months' accumulation of mail had been sent back to Cairo the day before) that it is the little things that matter and that "any fool can be calm in an earthquake." Then I happened on "Conquest of Disability," edited by Sir Ian Fraser, C.H., C.B.E., M.P. (Odhams; 15s.). It was a chastening experience. Sir Ian, if he won't mind my saying so, is one of the nobler characters I know. The book he has edited is one which should make the reader proud and humble—

proud of his fellow human beings who have borne suffering with so much fortitude, and humble at his groushings at minor discomforts and worries. There are twenty-three contributors, each of whom has overcome his or her shyness—the shyness which, as Sir Ian says is the first, the most normal, but the most important reaction of the disabled—to write their story. Some of them, and their stories, are already well known. Among these are Douglas Bader, "Bill" Simpson and Collie Knox. (It might interest the last-named, if he reads this, to know that, in the twenty-odd years of our acquaintance, I had never noticed the disability he finds so painful.) But there are others, such as Freddy Heath, the publisher—another old friend, who tells of the disadvantages of losing an arm with characteristic gaiety—and Mr. Ludwig Guttman, the Director of Stoke Mandeville Hospital, who writes movingly of his patients who suffer from paralysis from the waist, or higher, downwards. But to attempt a gloss on this book would be somehow almost irreverent. One can only recommend it as warmly as inadequate words can express.

I go from the sublime to the designedly ridiculous with "Tickner's Light Horse," by John Tickner (Putnam; 10s. 6d.). Here, indeed, is the solution to the problem of a Christmas present for the horsey (or, indeed, not so horsey) member of the family. In a world of pony clubs and pony tails, Mr. Tickner is gloriously at home. "Ever since the first man was kicked by the first horse," he writes, "a bond of friendship has existed between the species, even to the extent of man providing the horse with iron shoes with which it can kick him harder." Show-jumping or fox-hunting, gymkhanas or riding schools, come under his ruthlessly amusing survey. Man (a generic term which includes women and small girls on fat, shaggy ponies) is, he concludes, very much the junior partner in the coalition between rider and horse. Even horse journalism is inspected, and Mr. Tickner notes: "One of the first horse journalists was Xenophon, who wrote in Greek his famous manual, cavalry officers for the use of. Not only did he write all there was to write about the horse, but he also gave all other cavalry officers throughout the ages the idea of doing the same thing." I should add that Mr. Tickner has illustrated his book himself with copious drawings which are not the least of its attractions.

In "Sales on a Shoe-String" (Deutsch; 18s.), Mr. Sydney Hyde gives fascinating glimpses behind the scenes of publishing—glimpses which will be as interesting to the professional as they are fascinating to the layman. Publishing, as he rightly points out, because of the high costs, great risks and comparatively small returns (even if successful) cannot be compared to any other trade. It cannot, for example, spend more than derisory sums on advertising and other means of "pushing" a book. How then to sell your books and avoid the major disaster of the bankruptcy court and the minor one of "amalgamation"? Mr. Hyde is prepared to tell all—and well he tells it. He even goes so far as to examine the usefulness or otherwise of reviews and reviewers. I am glad to be able to report that on the whole he regards us as necessary, and even, on occasion, useful evils. We are duly heartened. Sir Allen Lane writes the prologue, and Mr. William Foyle the epilogue. Between two such appetising slices, Mr. Hyde provides some excellent meat for his sandwich.

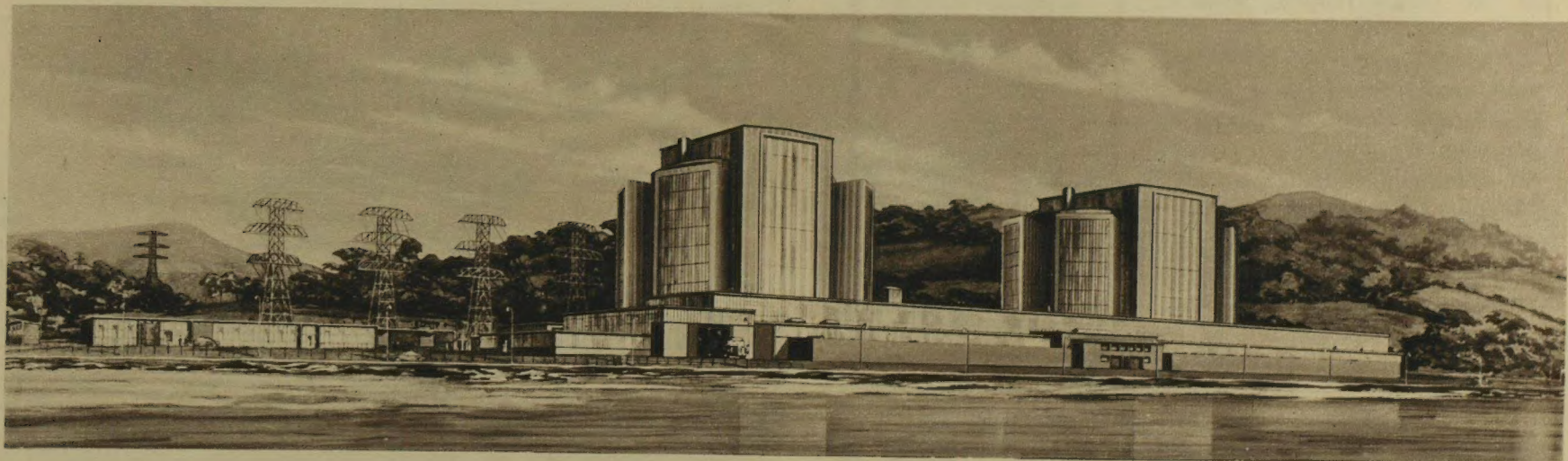
I have little space left to do more than notice a curiosity for students of crime literature. It is "The Business of Crime," by Robert Rice, of the New Yorker (Gollancz; 16s.). The five smooth characters in his *dramatis personæ* are Sam Sapphire, the arson man who made a handsome living by burning down (for his clients) the well-insured premises of business men who found the great American depression too much for them; Carlo Valeri, who specialised in narcotics; Jorge Simonovich, who specialised in getting (for a price) illegal immigrants into the United States; Salvatore Sollazzo, the jeweller, who got up to all sorts of tricks so that he could watch (and bet on) his favourite basketball team; and, oddest of all, the French resistance movement gentleman who did so well (for a time) out of forging American Express traveller's cheques and other desirable commodities. An odd book, astringently written, as one might expect from the son of Elmer Rice.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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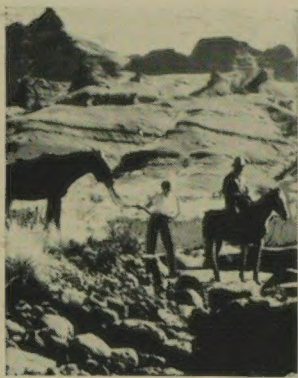
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